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BOSTON AMERICAN

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEWSPAPER

96

Rain To-day; East Winds

8 P.M. EDITION

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DOVES SMASH CUBS FOR 7 RUNS

SLAIN, BODY HID IN SHEEP PEN

Mystery of Disappearance of James P. Scott of Worcester Partially Cleared—Killed in Maine By Robber Gang Police Theory.

EAST LIVERMORE, Me., Aug. 1.—On the theory that James P. Scott, a well-to-do Worcester, Mass., commission merchant, was the victim of a murder plot, with robbery as its motive, the authorities of Androscoggin County this afternoon ordered a round-up of six men and five women who were employed by Scott when he was last seen alive. What is believed to be Scott's body, bound and gagged, has just been found beneath a sheep pen at the Summer home of Herbert Whittemore, a wealthy farmer, in the woods near here.

The body of the slain man had been concealed since last Fall and was only discovered by mere chance yesterday afternoon. Scott's brother, as a coincidence, had just started an investigation in Androscoggin County on the theory that his brother, who disappeared last Fall, had been murdered and robbed.

POLICE ARREST GREEK.

One arrest has already been made in the case, Nicholas Mone, a Greek to whom Scott had sold a store, being in custody. But the police declare that this man, who was taken upon the complaint of Scott's brother, is merely held for the purpose of getting what information he has.

The murder mystery promises to develop into one of the most remarkable of all of the many remarkable tragedies upon the Maine record of crime. The story of Scott's disappearance, the discovery of his body and the manner in which he was done to death are of the mysteries of fiction.

This afternoon a coroner's jury is hearing the evidence of the first of thirty-five witnesses who are relating, step by step, the story of the tragedy. The thread of facts which they are drawing out before the authorities is slender. The authorities hope that it will lead direct to the murderers of James P. Scott—for they are convinced that there are more than one.

SUCCESSFUL APPLE BUYER.

Scott, was a young man, perhaps thirty-five, a successful apple buyer. Last Summer he came here from Worcester to buy the farmers' crops. He made many purchases of big lots, making a cash payment to bind the bargain. He carried a large supply of ready cash, always having several hundred dollars at least in currency in his pockets.

This money he did not attempt to conceal. According to the theory now held by the police, it was his carelessness and the rumidity of some men or women who caught sight of his bulky roll that led to his death.

The cash the crops bought by Scott was that of Herbert Whittemore. Scott gave him $50 cash and proceeded to take charge of the crop at Whittemore's Summer estate. He hired six men and five women to do the work.

The apples were packed up and Whittemore supposed that they were to be removed. But Scott did not appear to complete the purchase and finally Whittemore sold them to another buyer. He paid no more attention to Scott.

BROTHER STARTS HUNT.

Meanwhile Scott would ordinarily have finished his season's enterprise and returned to his home at Worcester. But he was never seen there again. His brother, who is also well-to-do, instituted an investigation and prosecuted it with vigor, but could get no trace of the missing man. The trail was lost between East Livermore and Lewiston, Me.

A week ago Scott resumed the search and found that one of his brother's transactions was the sale of a store in Chisholm, just over the boundary line in Franklin county from East Livermore. He had disposed of this to Nicholas Mone, the Greek, for $5000 in cash. The brother was able to compute that James P. Scott had from $1,000 to $1,500 of currency in his possession when he disappeared and he declared outright that he had been murdered and robbed.

Still no trace of the missing man. But in the meantime Whittemore had gone to the Summer estate to establish himself for the rest of the Summer. The place is in a remote section, deep in the woods, three-fourths of a mile from the nearest house and a half mile from the main road. It had been deserted, except for one short period, since Scott was there packing his apples. It was an ideal spot for a murder plot and its execution.

FINDS HUMAN HAND.

In the fixing Whittemore had visited the place to cultivate the land. When he went there for the Summer yesterday he decided to make extensive repairs. One of these was the removal and replacement of the sheep pen floor, which was old and rotten, so much so that a workman there last Fall had broken through in one place by his mere weight.

Whittemore had two boards taken up, when he was startled to discover a human hand. He bent over, and was horror-stricken to find concealed beneath the floor the rest of a human body.

The hands had been tied behind the back with a rope that also passed around the man's neck in such a way as to strangle him, and also to pass through his mouth and gag him.

Everything that might have served for identification was missing. Whittemore made a hasty search about the place, however, and found some cards bearing Scott's name. He then recalled the apple buyer, who had long since vanished from his thoughts.

He notified Prosecuting Attorney Morey of Lewiston and that official hastened to Auburn, and they immediately took up the investigation. They determined on the theory at first suggested that Scott was the victim and that he was murdered for robbery. They believed that he had been lured to the deserted estate, seized by one or more of the conspirators, bound and gagged and then searched at will.

They believe he may have also been kept alive for some time in an effort to force him to disclose the whereabouts of more money. They could not tell from the condition of the body whether he had been buried alive under the old pen or beaten to death or strangled. The absence of evidence of wounds made toward the theory that the bound, gagged, helpless man had been dragged under the sheep pen and left to perish there in agony.

As this theory has been accepted by some of the investigators. They declare it is the only possible explanation.

DOVES AND CUBS MEET IN LAST GAME HERE

BATTING ORDER.

CHICAGO.	BOSTON.
Slagle, c.f.	Bates, r.f.
Sheckard, l.f.	Dahlen, ss
Chance, 1b.	Keller, c.f.
Tinker, s.s.	McGann, 1b.
Steinfeldt, 3b.	Ritchey, 2b.
Hofman, 2b.	Browne, l.f.
Howard, r.f.	Sweeney, 3b.
Moran, c.	Bowerman, c.
Lundgren, p.	Flaherty, p.

SOUTH END GROUNDS, Boston, Aug. 1.—The outlook was dubious for the Hub fans to enjoy their usual Saturday half-holiday at the diamondside because of the unsettled condition of the weather, and the last game between the Cubs and the Doves was scheduled to have some interesting side lights before the Cubs could secure their expressed clean-up of the series.

There was about an even division of comment on the possibility of the final game ready for the signal.

between the two teams, as there was still some confidence that the Doves would not let the Cubs escape from the fifth without one knockdown, while those who had picked the world's champions for another pennon couldn't see where the leaves fitted in the wild scramble the Cubs were making to overhaul the Pirates, one game ahead of them.

Some of the symptoms of uphill fighting displayed by the Doves yesterday were in evidence, which were encouraged by the hopeful band, as that method was the only kind which would make any impression on the runaway Cubs, who showed more ginger the further they went.

It was a case of doubling up on pitching talent. Joe Kelley had to call on Pat Flaherty for the second time, but Pat was willing, as another trial would show whether the Cubs really had his goat.

Manager Chance had not used Lundgren in the series, and he was fresh for work, and old Chief Fraser, who pitched a few innings in one of the games, was

DETROIT FANS CHEERED RED SOX IN THIRD GAME

BATTING ORDER.

BOSTON	DETROIT.
McConnell, 2b.	McIntyre, l.f.
Lord, 3b.	Schaefer, ss.
Sullivan, c.f.	Crawford, s. f.
Gessler, r.f.	Cobb, r.f.
Thoney, l.f.	Rossman, 1b.
Stahl, 1b.	Coughlin, 3b.
Wagner, s.s	Thomas, c.
Carrigan, c.	Downs, 2b.
Arellanes, p.	Willett, p.

Umpires—Evans.

AMERICAN LEAGUE GROUNDS, DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 1.—With a fine ball holiday crowd in the stands and bleachers and excellent baseball weather prevailing, the Detroit and Boston teams took the field to-day for the third game of their series.

McGuire sent out Morgan and Arellanes to the firing line for pruning and canny old Lou Criger looked them both over. Jennings had "Wild Bill" Donovan breeze out a bit with Willett.

McGuire's men, who won yesterday, stopping the Tiger rush, after a series of nine consecutive victories, were jubilant over their success and their pennies work was full of fight, McConnell and Wagner especially drawing applause for their work around the middle circle.

Jennings worked out O'Leary at shortstop, also shifted Schaefer to second base. O'Leary has been in excellent condition for two weeks, but the repeated pleading of the team, which have been won in spite of his absence, combined with Jennings's habitual leaning toward preserving a winning combination, whatever it may be, have kept him out. The fans wondered if yesterday's defeat would bring the fast little short stopper back into the game.

Pitcher Winter, formerly of the Boston club, reported to the Tiger management yesterday and worked out in his new uniform to-day. His delay in reporting was on account of the illness of Mrs. Winter at their home in Vermont.

Merchants can tell their store news to more people in one day through the BOSTON AMERICAN than by using all the other evening newspapers together.

$1,000 KEY FOUND.

The $1,000 Key of the BOSTON AMERICAN'S "Hidden—Not Lost" contest is found.

The name of the fortunate finder and detailed story of how the Key was discovered will be told in full in to-morrow's BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN.

DESPAIRING OF HEALTH, WIDOW HANGS HERSELF

Mrs. Isabel Blaisdell, sixty-three years of age, a widow, who lived at No. 257 Bellevue avenue, Beechmont, committed suicide by hanging herself to a cross beam in her cellar to-day. She had been suffering for some time from nervous prostration.

Mrs. Blaisdell lived alone in the Endicott avenue house for about three years. She has no relatives, but has sisters living in Montreal and New Hampshire, and a brother in Montreal.

About four weeks ago she engaged Mrs. Melvina Jones as a nurse, and to-day Mrs. Jones went to do nearly grocery. When she got back the house was closed and locked. She ran to the cellar door, broke it down and saw Mrs. Blaisdell hanging by a hammock rope to a rafter. The woman had bent her knees so that she might strangle as the ceiling was low.

Neighbors helped cut her down, and was still alive. A medical student, passing at the time, tried to save her, but was unsuccessful. Dr. D. A. Andrews was called, but the woman was dead when he arrived. Medical Examiner George B. Magrath came and rendered a verdict of death by hanging.

By a friend who was staying to Montreal to-day Mrs. Blaisdell sent word to Mrs. N. E. Briggs, a sister, and T. A. Thompson, her brother, that she was very sick. She wanted them to come to see her. Another sister, Mrs. S. N. Messenger, lives in Lebanon, N. H.

DETAILS OF CHICAGO-DOVES GAME.

1ST—Ferguson's change of pace fooled Slagle for a strikeout. Sheckard rolled an easy one to the box and retired at first. Chance rapped hard to Sweeney, who threw to McGann for the third out. NO RUNS. Beaumont singled and stole second. Kling's throw being low. Four wide ones put Dahlen on first. Kelley also walked, filling the bases. McGann singled, scoring Beaumont and Dahlen. Lundgren unhooked a wild pitch, putting Kelley on third and McGann on second. That was enough for Chance and he called Fraser to the box. He passed Ritchey, filling the bases. Browne singled, scoring Kelley, Sweeney doubled, scoring McGann and Ritchey. Bates singled and Browne scored. Ferguson fanned. Beaumont singled, scoring Sweeney. Dahlen hit into double play. SEVEN RUNS.

RESULTS OF SARATOGA RACES.

1st—The Wrestler, 5-5; Crackshot, even; Geo. G. Hall, out.
2d—Bayonet, 7-20; St. Klek, out (two starters).

NORTHWESTERN ORDERS 1,000 FREIGHT CARS.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—The Northwestern Railroad has ordered 1,000 freight cars in anticipation of a lively movement of wheat and Northwestern crops within a few weeks. The order was distributed among the Pullman Company, the Haskell and Barker Car Company and the American Car and Foundry Company.

WEST POINT CADETS TO BE REINSTATED.

OYSTER BAY, Aug. 1.—After a long interview to-day between President Roosevelt and Secretary of War Luke Wright it was decided that the eight cadets dismissed from West Point for hazing ought to be reinstated at once.

RESULTS OF FORT ERIE RACES.

1st—Skee, 8-1; Gladys Lowrie, even; Sprechale, even.

VANGUARD OF PYTHIAN ARMY ARRIVES IN HUB

SECOND REGIMENT OF ILLINOIS FIRST TO OCCUPY FRANKLIN FIELD CAMP.

Pythian Knights by thousands are thronging into Boston to-day from all sections of the country. The vanguard came this morning and all through the day the arrivals continued.

The encampment on Franklin Field, Dorchester, is in full operation, 2,200 tents already having been erected. The first brigade to occupy tents on the field was the Second Regiment of Illinois, which arrived early to-day from the West. Forty-five members of the regiment are in camp.

At noon to-day the New Hampshire brigade, composed of 650 men, arrived at North station and proceeded at once to Franklin Field, where quarters will be assigned.

The Massachusetts brigade, numbering 700, will go into camp to-night. They will arrive from all parts of the State in special trains.

The First Regiment of Illinois, 350 in number, are due at North station tonight at 8:20. They come by way of Montreal over the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

From the Provinces.

A delegation of 125 members of the order in the Maritime Provinces will arrive early to-morrow morning by train and 200 more from the same place will arrive by boat to-morrow morning.

The Connecticut delegation of 400 will arrive by train early to-morrow morning in special trains.

Franklin Field is a scene of great activity to-day. Everything there is practically complete. The men who already occupy tents there will be fed to-day on the field.

The Mobile (Ala.) contingent has already arrived, while the New Hampshire brigade will reach here either to-night or to-morrow morning, and the Maritime Provinces delegation is also due.

Seattle is sending its crack company, which carried off first prize at New Orleans and which will undoubtedly win the prize of $500 to be given the company coming the longest distance, and quarters at the extreme right of the field have been assigned for the delegation from Virginia, Maryland, Washington, D. C., and North and South Carolina. A large bandstand has been erected from which concerts will be given every afternoon next week at 3 o'clock with the exception of Tuesday.

New Major-General.

Another feature of the encampment will be the selection of a new Major-General. For the first time in the history of the Knights of Pythias the procedure of election to this office will be changed. On Thursday the supreme lodge will choose an officer for that position, and if he is confirmed by the commander-in-chief the supreme assembly will elect him.

Religious services will be held at the camp to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock and on every other morning at 8.

Three immense dining tents and the chef's domain have been erected on the end of the field that is skirted by Talbot avenue, where the Knights will be fed.

Boston American Free Registry Bureau for Knights of Pythias

FOR the Pythian week the BOSTON AMERICAN will maintain two free registry bureaus for Knights of Pythias and the Pythian Sisterhood. One bureau is at the AMERICAN'S main office, Nos. 80-82 Summer street, near the South Station. The other is at the AMERICAN'S down-town branch office, No. 264 Washington street, Newspaper row.

If you are a Pythian, register your name and convention address so your friends can find you. If you wish to locate visiting knights, inquire at the AMERICAN'S registry bureaus.

"HOW I FOUND $1,000 KEY," BY FINDER---IN TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

BUCKEYE STATE FIRST TO FORM HISGEN CLUB

Ohio Voters Take Up Banner for Independence Party Candidates.

NEW HONORS FOR LEADER.

By Clement L. Puddick.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 1.—Thomas L. Hisgen, Presidential candidate of the Independence party, today received word of the organization of the first Hisgen Club so far as he knows in the country. It came from Toledo, O., and was from John Mulholland, of the national committee of that State.

"We have organized the Thomas L. Hisgen and John Temple Graves Club of Lucas County to-day," read the message.

Mr. Hisgen was particularly delighted to get this news from the Buckeye State, because the vote that clinched his nomination at the convention came from there.

While messages of congratulation have come to the valiant Oil Trust fighter from all over the country, the continuous ovation that has been given him since his return from Chicago has given him the strongest incentive to make in the coming battle the effort of his life.

"Welcome to Next President."

Following the remarkable demonstration in this city and in West Springfield on Thursday evening came an all-day reception at his home yesterday, when hundreds of men and women called to shake hands by the band and wish him Godspeed in the campaign.

If West Springfield, his home town, where they know him best, could elect him, Mr. Hisgen would go to the White House after the next election.

On a great banner at a town party held last evening at St. Louis Hall, in West Springfield, the candidate of the new party was greeted with this announcement when he responded to an invitation to be present:

"Welcome to our next President, Thomas L. Hisgen." When Mr. and Mrs. Hisgen reached the church grounds about 9 o'clock he was received with a mighty cheer from the great gathering.

Men, women and boys and girls pressed about him in almost joyous confusion in great efforts to grasp his hand. Only with difficulty he made his way to a little platform upon which the Hisgens and he seated. He was introduced to the audience and made one of his best speeches of his life.

"This seems to be a continuation of the warm welcome that was extended to me last night," he began. "My words fail me when I attempt to express my gratitude for all the good you have done me.

"My selection to lead the first battle of the Independence party does not without a struggle. The people of West Springfield all seemed to think that I would be successful, and they told me so so many times that I, too, began to believe it.

"It reminded me of the war in which the Boers took their first to shoot. When the father wants one animal killed he gives his boy one bullet. When Nordo fell he shot he gives him two bullets and so on. The father never counts on a miss. That is the way with my people at home.

Home Victory Won Day.

"When I reached Chicago I found that if the battle were left to the delegates from Massachusetts I would be successful easily. But there were a large number of delegates there from other States, and there were other candidates.

"I want to say that if I had not had the earnest, able and aggressive assistance of the Massachusetts delegation I have no doubt if I would have come home victorious and be receiving your hand-congratulations to-night.

"The best argument that was made for me, and the one that won, was that at the last election I had carried my own district.

"The delegates said that if I were liked by the people who knew me I must be all right, and they gave me their votes.

"Why shouldn't I love this town? It was here where the greatest struggle of my life took place, my fight against the Standard Oil Trust. One of the emissaries of the gigantic organization told me: 'What kind of a man is that fellow Hisgen.' We made him licked three times and he never knew it."

Loves His Little Home Town.

"Yes, I love this town. It is where I live, and it is where I want to be when I die. I have been approached by residents of Springfield to move over the river and take up my abode there. It is an actual fact that they came to me and said: 'Come to Springfield and we will promise to elect you mayor.' Then after that we will make you Governor. And when you have filled the office on Beacon Hill in Boston we will send you to the White House.

"I told them that there was only one little drawback to the proposition. They asked me what it was and astounded to make it right with me. I told them the stumbling block was that I would rather live in West Springfield. That settled it.

"I am sorry that the convention was not signally honored me at Chicago could not have been here last night to-day to hear and see the greeting that has been extended to me. It would be a lasting tribute for the great confidence they have in me.

G. O. P. Leader Joins New Party.

"I hope that you will give your pastor your earnest support. I know he does that you will become better citizens. I thank you again for your great kindness."

Charles O. Power of Boston made a happy address, thanking the citizens of West Springfield on behalf of the Massachusetts delegation and the national committee for the ovation that had been tendered the party candidate.

Frank P. Sargent, formerly the most prominent Republican of the town, followed Mr. Power and reiterated his determination to leave the old party, with which he had been associated so many years, and work and vote for Hisgen.

Simon Griffin a Springfield business man, and one of Hisgen's staunchest supporters, made a strong plea for the support of Mr. Hisgen. Three cheers were given for Mr. Hisgen after which he mingled and chatted with the members of the throng.

The pastor of the church, the Rev. J. O. Coombs, is a patient admirer of Mr. Hisgen and he will get practically a solid vote from his parish.

Early to-day Mr. Hisgen went to his office and tackled a big pile of mail. It was his first visit to his office since he left home for Chicago.

NEW PARTY PLANS ACTIVE CAMPAIGN; HEARST TO LEAD

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—The first details of the plans of the Independence party's national campaign were given out in Chicago to-day by Secretary Charles A. Walsh of the national committee.

The preparations as they are now progressing communicates a rousing speech-making from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a party of other orators in the Independence cause.

The heaviest guns will be trained on the Central States, the Pacific States, the Empire State and the trans-Missouri country, though the traveling campaign will be so comprehensive that every large city in the country will be visited at least once by the national committee's chosen speakers.

The speaking campaign will open immediately after the official notification of Thomas L. Hisgen, nominee for President. He will not be visited by a committee in his Massachusetts home, according to present plans, but will be called to New York to meet the body.

It is expected that the notification will be made at a date which the candidate will fix, and in the new national Independence Club quarters which are being prepared in a large building in Park Row, this city.

The managers of the campaign expect to make the function a political event of great magnitude. It is contemplated that the affair will be formally opened at the time of a meeting pace for all members and leaders of the party.

Equally interesting and important will be the notification of John Temple Graves, nominee for Vice-President. This ceremony will probably be staged in Atlanta, his home city.

It is planned to make it more than the ordinary formal notification affair. Prominent men of his candidacy and the cause of the Independence party hope to make it the wedge of a stirring campaign in the South and to that end will seek to awaken wide interest in the cause through the vice-presidential nomination.

If there is no change in the present ideas special trains will be run to Atlanta from other southern points and efforts will be made through other means to turn the day into a vast political carnival to boom the campaign of the Hisgen-Graves ticket.

Within a few days the announcement is expected from Chairman Hearst of the National Committee, naming the members of the executive committee, which will have the campaign in active charge.

This committee will make its headquarters in Chicago, just as the campaign bodies of the other great parties have decided to do. Its first work of importance will be the organization of a large staff of party speakers.

Nebraska, Bryan's own State, will be the scene of a vigorous talking campaign. Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Utah will be as thoroughly canvassed. Indiana and Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania will be covered by special orators who will devote themselves to the assigned territory.

But the strongest fight for votes will be made in the Southern States, like Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Virginia and South Carolina. Mr. Graves will stump these States himself and other eloquent and efficient party orators will help.

Mr. Hisgen will traverse Massachusetts in its test battle in his campaign and will also swing around the large cities of New England. He is not expected to cover the West, as Mr. Hearst will lead the orators in the doubtful ground east of the Alleghenies.

The three distinct kinds of campaigns will be made to as many classification of citizens. The farmer by the pledges in the party platform. The millionaire will be shown as thoroughly why the party is his party, as will the workingman. In fact, the party leaders look for a strong vote from the independent business men of the country, especially the non-privilege seeking class.

In a keynote speech uttered by Mr. Hearst in the convention the single idea of the party was appealed to. In fact, the convention was a love feast of life and that idea was well and enthusiastically received by the rank and file conventioners as well as by the average wage-earners.

Here is Dorando, the plucky Italian, being assisted across the finish line in the Marathon race. No official is plainly seen supporting the utterly exhausted Italian to the tape. As soon as the official took away his support the Italian dropped senseless. Dorando fell repeatedly in the last furlong and was several times carried to his feet. Owing in this assistance the unfortunate Italian, who so nearly won the blue ribbon event of the Olympiad, was disqualified. It was the most dramatic finish in the annals of athletics.

THIS PHOTO SHOWS HOW OLYMPIC OFFICIALS HELPED ITALIAN OVER LINE IN THE MARATHON

GRAVES'S REPLY TO WATSON'S CRITICISM

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—John Temple Graves, vice-presidential nominee of the Independence party to-day issued this reply to Thomas E. Watson's criticism of the new party:

"I ask the courtesy of the Associated Press to express my regret that the Hon. Thomas E. Watson should have replied so swiftly into hostile criticism of the Independence party, when he is not a member of the Populists are in active sympathy and which in simple consistency he should be glad to endorse.

"It is, to say the least, ungracious in Mr. Watson to speak of the Independents as a one-man party. He has made of the Populist party for years a one-man party and the Independents have ever been or will ever be.

"He has been as many times the defeated candidate of the Populists as Mr. Bryan has been of the Democrats. He seems to be by the official records. In one case, to the disadvantage of Roosevelt, as distorted as Bryan—and as unsuccessful as the last.

"He prescribes its tenets, dictates its policies in things general and otherwise and is invariably named as its candidate. There has not been in fifty years a party convention freer from the boss and the steam roller than the one just adjourned. Mr. Hearst was nominated by the rank and file during all the preliminaries that led up to it.

"He reached the convention twenty-four hours before it opened and in the face of his hand to dictate a plank in its platform or to name its leader or to name its dates. He went down into its committee and worked with the rank and file as one man equal terms.

"He wrangled for thirty-six hours over the platform, winning some of the things he desired, losing others, and accepting success or defeat with equal temper and with equal determination that he is.

"So fair and truthful man can deny to the Independents the merit of a fearless freedom worthy of its name, and if it was as representative as was the party of the seven hundred delegates present from all sections, from every State and from all races, Caucasian, African and Indian, among all whom there were not a dozen men directly or indirectly connected with Hearst newspapers.

"The hope of the Populist party is in the Independence party, as, beyond the diminishing fire of its sling is the fortune of Mr. Watson, the majority of these brave and honest men are falling into line behind this young militant and soon to be triumphant party of the people."

BIGAMY CHARGE BY FIRST WIFE

A warrant charging him with bigamy was the welcome with which the Melrose police greeted Daniel J. McCann, a thirty-four-year-old engineer of Chelsea, when he started to take up his residence in the former city today with a second wife, to whom the police claim he is illegally wedded.

McCann pleaded not guilty. The case was continued until August 10, surety being fixed at $800.

The first wife, who was seventeen-year-old Mary Grover at the time of her wedding in June, 1906, and who claims to have lived with McCann at No. 170 Hillside street, Chelsea, is responsible for the complaint.

It is charged that McCann courted and won Miss Norah Coakley of Third street, Revere, in June, 1908, and that the ceremony is said to have been performed by Father Mohan of St. Mary's Church, Everett.

6-CENT FARES FOR NEWTON

The Board of Railroad Commissioners to-day, for an experimental period of one year, gave its approval to a six-cent fare on the Newton Street Railway. The six-cent fare will apply on every trip in connection with which a transfer is secured from one car or line of cars to another. Transfers in Newton, therefore, are to cost a cent apiece.

The gross passenger receipts for May of this year fell off about one per cent, and for twenty-seven days of July $3,000, compared with the same periods in 1907.

WOMAN SAYS BROKER HELD UP CASH

Mary S. Dee of Boston filed a bill in the Superior Court to-day in which she alleges that she bought from H. Oliver Dennison 300 shares in the United States Coaching and Supply Company of Arizona, and declares that he now refuses to return her the money loaned or deliver the shares she bought.

THE GREAT MORGAN ROBBERY

THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND DARING

By Joseph O'Brien.

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CHAPTER I.

A Double Mystery

RENDING the still Spring night with shrieks of terror, a woman ran out of a splendid old Colonial residence in one of the fashionable suburbs of New York, near Roslyn, L. I., down the lane bordered by privet, and into the street.

She was not followed, but she fled from the dark, silent mansion as if pursued by the fiends, her streams echoing as she ran. A block from the house a passing police man overtook her and clutched her arm.

"What is it? What's the row?" he demanded.

"Murder, murder," she shrieked.

"Where?" he cried, slinking her roughly to bring her to her senses. "Stop yelling and tell me about it. Where is it?"

The girl pointed, with wavering arm, to the dark, shadowy house standing back from the street and, as if the action brought before her again the terrible vision of what had just seen, her cries redoubled.

"Come, come, stop that noise," admonished the policeman. "You'll have the whole community aroused."

He shook her again, but he could not stifle the piercing terror that found vent in her hysterical cries. Impatient, he exclaimed:

"Get your head off, then, but come along with me and we'll see what's the matter."

"It's—It's in There"

She hung back, but he half dragged her up the street to the house. The front gate was open and he stalked up the box-bordered path, across the porch and through the half open front door into the long hall that ran through the centre of the house. The woman, now silent, dragging behind him, clutching his arm in fear, pointed to a heavy oaken door on the right.

"It's—it's in there," she gasped.

"Where's the light switch?" asked the policeman.

Groping along the wall with trembling fingers she presently found the electric button, and in an instant the hall was flooded with light. Policeman Sheehan threw open the heavy door, started to enter the room and stopped on the threshold, aghast at what he saw.

The door had opened into a spacious dining room. At the head of a table, richly set with cut glass and silver, on a side of noble age, his massive frame crumpled in death, his head, covered with iron gray hair, bowed on the cloth, his empty hands dangling behind his chair, lay a tuxedoed gentleman. Staining the damask cloth was a crimson stream that flowed from a terrible wound in his forehead.

At the opposite end of the table a chair had been overturned. Beside it on the floor lay a revolver. On the tablecloth a decanter, half filled with brandy.

The girl, who had followed and on the opposite side, were two glasses, both of which gave evidence of use.

With the exception of the overturned chair, the table and the revolver, nothing disturbed coolness on a couch between the open fireplace and broad French windows which led out on the side lawn, indicated a struggle. Everything was in place, even glowed in the fireplace.

"James Garden, murdered!" exclaimed Policeman Sheehan.

Every one in that exclusive locality knew the man whose name Sheehan uttered with amazement and horror. He was a man of obvious wealth, who had lately made a home there, over which he and daughter, Ruth, a beautiful girl of nineteen years, presided.

Of his business it was vaguely thought to be in Wall Street, but of late his neighbors knew little. To them he was a man of strong personality, cultured, affluent and generosity. His beautiful, dark-eyed daughter, too, was becoming, through her daughter's winning charm, a social centre.

Garden was even better known in New York as the financial district his influence in matters of finance were notable. He was also a leader in the political circles in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Lotus Club, the Union League and Union Club. He was a member of exclusive clubs, and his name and liberality were known to the waiters and bartenders at Sherry's and Delmonico's.

Such was the man Policeman Sheehan found stretched dead across his own table, with a terrible wound in his forehead.

"Who are you?" demanded Sheehan, turning to the shaking woman, who now peered from behind him at the gruesome scene.

"I'm Mary Ryan, the housemaid," she answered. "I had the evening out," she went on, gaspingly. "When I came back, about 11 o'clock, the house was dark and the front door open.

"I came in and opened the dining room door without turning on a light, thinking that Mr. Garden had gone to bed. By the fire-light I saw that—"

She pointed shudderingly at the body of James Garden. Then she went on hurriedly:

"I called for Miss Ruth and Miss Harding, but I got no answer. Then I ran out. I don't know who is in the house this night."

"Wait here until I come back," said Sheehan, "and don't touch anything."

"If you please, I'd rather go with you," said Mary Ryan, and without more ado she followed the policeman outside.

Slain and House Deserted

He ran to the nearest patrol box and called up his station. Reporting the murder as quickly as he could, he asked that plain clothes men be sent to help him, and then hurried back to the house.

"Now let's look over the place," said he to the maid.

Encouraged by the policeman, Mary took him through every room in the house. Back of the dining-room was the pantry and kitchen.

On the other side of the hall was a pretty reception room, evidently used chiefly by Garden's daughter. It was daintily furnished, and bore Miss Mary Harding's name.

In this the policeman found an overturned Chippendale table from which a lamp had fallen, interfering somewhat by lying on the floor where it had been overturned, with the careful search for any indications that some one had made a hurried departure.

In Ruth Garden's own room the maid found all of her mistress's clothing. She had taken nothing with her from the house. The only other residents of the house, Nora Harding, Garden's secretary and companion to his daughter, and the butler, could not be found.

"The cook had the night out and won't be back until to-morrow," explained the maid. "When I went away this evening Mr. Garden was in the library back of the morning room. Miss Ruth was in the drawing room, reading, and Miss Harding was in her own room."

The housemaid Sheehan could make nothing of it. He waited until his inspector and Coroner Hoburg arrived before entering the house, and he turned the whole matter over to them, including the maid and Mary Harding's room.

Then the policeman found an overturned chiffonnier, evidently used chiefly by Miss Harding, and on the floor, partly concealed by a dressing gown, a small revolver.

Police Headquarters detailed a dozen more men on the case the instant the report was received here. All decked to the house to take up the trail at the scene of the terrible crime.

In the first batch of reporters who reached the house was Beer Harris, the star detective on one of the big morning newspapers. He was a clear-eyed, shrewd, good-looking young fellow, keen, aggressive, resourceful, and with a memory that disconcerted lawbreakers.

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Then

BIG SHUMAN BUILDING IS MASS OF COLOR

Originality in the grouping of the national colors with the tri-colored insignia of the Knights of Pythias tends to make the exterior decorations of A. Shuman Company's store among the most effective of any displayed in the business section of the city.

From the top of the building to the street floor the structure is one mass of color, making a picture at once pleasing to the eye. The appropriate quotations from Abraham Lincoln hold the attention of all who have viewed the display, and the general appearance is a splendid example of what can be accomplished through effective simplicity in decorations.

Among the appropriate mottoes used in the decorations are the following from the speeches of Abraham Lincoln: "A brotherhood of men, united with each other, attached to the government and its laws, from citizens of our great country."

"Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling."

"To correct the evils, great and small among nations or individuals, is one of the highest functions of civilization. To this such gatherings as this contribute no small degree. They render more pleasant and more strong and more durable the bond of social and political union."

CUMMINGS GETS WARM WELCOME

Hibernian officials from most of the New England States, clergymen from Boston and many other cities in Massachusetts and 1,000 men and women took part in the reception tendered National President Matthew Cummings of the A. O. H., on his return last night to his home in Neponset from the national convention of the order at Indianapolis where he was re-elected head of the order. Headed by a brass band, the men and women escorted President Cummings from the railroad station at Harrison square to his home and then to Wood's Hall, where the formal demonstration took place.

There were speeches by President Cummings, State President John J. Rogers of Worcester, Rev. John McCune, Rev. Phillip J. O'Donnell, Mrs. Mary Joy, Rhode Island president of the Ladies' Auxiliary; Cornelius Duggan and Hon. John H. McNamee of Cambridge. President Cummings made the feeling of Ireland the keynote of his speech. He declared that his re-election has proven the righteousness of his work of the past two years.

BANGOR OFFICIAL DEAD.

BANGOR, Me., Aug. 1.—John L. Crosby, city treasurer of this city, and one of the most prominent residents, is dead at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Crosby was city treasurer for the past twenty years. He also spent fifteen years of his life as treasurer of the Bangor Savings Bank.

Aeronaut Farman at the Wheel of His Great Flying Machine

NEW YORK, August 1.—Following a test of his aeroplane, in which he drove the great flying machine through the air at express speed, Harry Farman to-day begins his public exhibitions of the machine at Brighton Beach. He will give fifteen exhibitions, and is likely to go to other parts of the country to show his invention.

Farman's heavier-than-air machine, in its initial flight in this country, skimmed over the race track at Brighton Beach at a speed that made the spectators hold their breath. Rising like a great bird the aeroplane sailed gracefully for 350 yards and then, completely under the control of the inventor, again rose and sailed 700 yards further. The test was not marred by the slightest accident nor did the aviator have the slightest difficulty in guiding or controlling the big machine. At the end of the test Farman received an ovation from members of the Aero Club of America, under whose auspices the exhibitions are being made in this country.

There were skeptics in the crowd who would not believe until they saw, and they watched the "tuning up" of the aeroplane in doubling silence. Farman's mechanics rushed about getting the queer-shaped ship ready for the flight, and when wires had been made taut and the motor had been tested the ship was carried to the plank runway near the field stand. Newspaper photographers crowded around the aeroplane to get pictures of the machine as it was about to make its first flight in America, and it was at this moment that Farman decided to make another test of the motor before flying. He instructed his French mechanics in their native tongue to hold fast to the aeroplane while he turned on the power.

Instantly the propeller began to revolve at the rate of 1,000 revolutions a minute and a strong breeze was created. The photographers were knocked flat and kept prostrate on the ground until the power was turned off. So great was this air current that several willow trees were bent double. Farman laughingly said he guessed the machinery was working all right.

Then when the crowd had been waved back he gave the order, "Let go," and away sped the aeroplane over the plank roadway. It ran swiftly along on its wheels for 240 yards and then Farman turned a lever which sent it into the air like magic, and away it flew. The propeller whirred as it turned 500 times to the minute. Only 350 yards were covered in the air on this first flight, but a few minutes later Farman made another try and travelled 700 yards in the air. He could have gone much further, he said, but feared striking a pile of lumber.

TEMPERANCE OUTING AT CANTON TOMORROW

Plans are completed for the annual outing of the members of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Literary Society to be held to-morrow at Ponkapoag, Canton. Cars will leave from the junction of Blue Hill avenue and Dudley street, Roxbury, at 8 o'clock. The special guests of the day will be the ladies of the St. Patricia Society. The day will be given over to sports. The committee in charge is headed by Hon. Patrick D. Walsh, president of the society. Cornelius J. Crowley, Michael Lamon, Patrick H. Gallagher, Hugh McNulty and Thomas F. Phelan.

LION TO DROP FROM BALLOON AS SCHEDULED

Paragon Park Management Laughs at Protest Made by Cruelty Society.

CUT COUPONS TO-MORROW

The lion cub "Baltimore" is going up in the air to-morrow, and here coming down—all safe, too—says Manager Dodge of Paragon Park, despite the protest of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals against allowing His Fellowship to make the thrilling parachute drop.

Manager Dodge and Professor Bonetti say there is no reason for interference by the Society With the Long Name, for after all, no takes no more risk than the "Prof.," and the "Prof." declares he isn't afraid. Further, the lion is a valuable critter, and his owner, Colonel Francis Ferrari, doesn't intend to risk losing him by any performance too hazardous.

"Baltimore" will probably take his first aerial flight to-morrow, continuing daily thereafter. So clip the sixty cents worth of Paragon Park coupons from to-morrow's ST. NOAH AMERICAN and join the Outing Club on Monday or Tuesday, and see the lion drop from a balloon when 1,000 feet in the air.

Three tickets are for free admission to the park, the Merry Widow House and the Alligator Farm. A coupon and ten cents opens to you the gates of the Animal Show, and a ticket and a nickel admits the holder to the Olympic Theatre, while a ticket also gives the rides on the roller coaster—seven tickets in all.

JOIN THE THRONG IN SHADY NOOKS AT LEXINGTON PARK

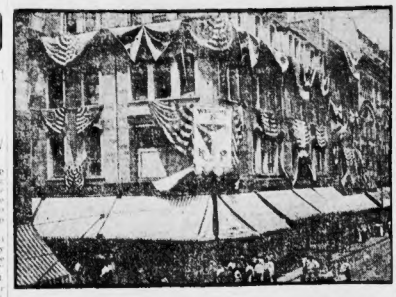
There is no more delightful, cool and shady pleasure resort in the East than Lexington Park. To-morrow's ST NOAH AMERICAN prints another free ticket of admission to the grounds, where practically all of the features are free, such as the wild animal menagerie, enclosed in acres of space, the Bowling Theatre and the recreation grounds. Fifty acres of wood land afford an ideal place for family picnics. A fine restaurant is conducted by the management, and there is a large, smooth-boarded dance pavilion with weinerous orchestra.

CANOBIE'S ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN MAKES THE PARK A FAIRYLAND

The visitor to Canobie Lake Park, just across the Bay State line in New Hampshire, is treated to a gorgeous display at night when the magnificent electric fountain hurls hundreds of jets of vari-colored water to a great height.

The park itself is a famous beauty spot, by day or night, and thousands are enter-

Houston's a Type of Decorations in Honor of Visiting Knights



COMPANY'S BIG BUILDING ON WASHINGTON STREET IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

Welcome radiates from every exterior point of the big store of James A. Houston Company on Washington street. The vanguard of the visiting Knights of Pythias who will take part in the monster convention have been impressed by the elaborate decorations and the feeling of welcome which is conveyed by the view of the exterior of the Houston store.

Long streamers of the national colors hang from the top of the building to the street floor and intermingled with these are the colors of the fraternal order which Boston will honor next week. Up the corner of the building is an effective banner of the national emblem of the Knights.

The building is in true holiday array and in addition to the outward decoration, the company has made arrangements for the visitors to meet their friends and fellow members in the store where a hearty welcome will be extended to all.

VANITY FAIR OPENS ITS GATES TO THE CHILDREN TO-DAY

This is Children's Day for the little readers of the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN at Vanity Fair Park, near Providence. The tickets out from last Sunday's paper admit children under ten, and entitle them to a souvenir of the great Rhode Island park from the management.

There are many free features inside the park, such as the outdoor circus and the balloon ascension by Flower, who drops from his capsule while 1,000 feet up, using three parachutes in his thrilling descent to earth.

The SUNDAY AMERICAN to-morrow will print six tickets for use on three days of the coming week. Saturday will again be Children's Day. Monday the company admits to the park and the Devil's Workshop; Thursday to the park, the ornate Bijou Theatre and the Double Whirl.

MISS HARNED IN ATHOL AS GUEST AT DAVIES HOME

ATHOL, Aug. 1.—Virginia Harned, the well-known actress, who is suing her husband, E. H. Sothern, for an absolute divorce, is the guest of Acton Davies, dramatic writer for the New York Sun, at his Summer home on the Rearsden road in Athol Centre.

Miss Harned has been in Athol for almost a week but the news did not leak out until to-day, although it was thought that she would come here. So far Miss Harned has refused to be interviewed by reporters.

This is not the first time that Miss Harned has been in Athol as she was here two years ago as the guest of Francis Wilkinson.

PYTHIANS SEE WONDERLAND ON TUESDAY

New Attractions Secured for American's Outing Club and the Knights.

WATCH FOR THE COUPONS

The Knights of Pythias, 25,000 strong, assembled for convention here, will visit Wonderland on Tuesday in conjunction with the Sunday American Outing Club, which has two days, Monday and Tuesday at Wonderland Park. Special decorations and free features are added for the coming of the Knights of Pythias.

The feat of Annette Kellerman in breaking all records within less than a mile of Boston Light in a six-hour swim from Charlestown Bridge Thursday is the talk of aquatic circles.

A crowd of 4,000 made a rush for her auto when she entered the park Thursday evening, but she jumped out over their heads and with playful glee outran the simplest and reached her dressing room before they could congratulate her. Crowds were turned away at the performance which she then gave.

Dan O'Leary, famous pedestrian, who gave an exhibition walk Thursday afternoon on the visit of the Irish League of Lowell to Wonderland, made a mile in fourteen minutes.

The Sunday American Outing Club in Wonderland Monday and Tuesday will have tickets of admission to the park and the unusual exhibitions put on by the management for the week in honor of the visiting K. of P. and free tickets for the diverting Jack Built, where they shout "Go in and stay in as long as you like. The greatest fun house in the world. It is the House that Jack Built, the Foolish House, or, you see." Order your SUNDAY AMERICAN now and use them as early as possible on Monday and Tuesday.

The Ben Ali Arabs, ten in number, whirlwind acrobats, will perform in the circus ring twice daily next week. The Mendia troupe of cyclists, contabing six young and pretty women will do remarkable feats on wheels, and the celebrated Harper family, composed of twenty boys and girls, will be a part of the parade on the board walk. Admission to Wonderland will be free to all children accompanied by adults.

TAKE THE CHILDREN TO PROVINCETOWN

Now that the school year is rapidly drawing to a close families are looking about for opportunities for rest and recreation for the children. The trip to Provincetown by boat affords such pleasure. Boston harbor, with its forts and islands, presents always interesting views; the sail across the bar gives one a miniature ocean voyage; and the old town is full of quaintness and delight. The boat remains for an hour and a half, before leaving on the return trip, and reaches Boston by supper time. There can be no better trip on which to take the children for a day's outing. Steamer "Cape Cod" leaves No. 400 Atlantic avenue at 9 in the morning

FREE TICKETS TO WONDERLAND

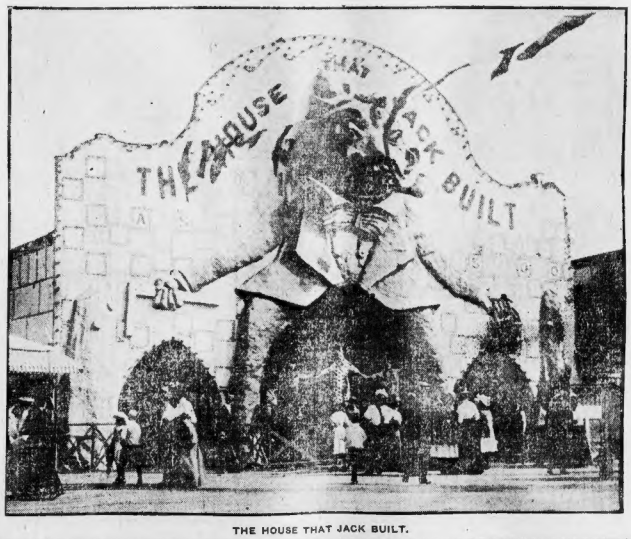
IN TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

The House That Jack Built

The Foolish House

The House That Makes You Laugh

Knights of Pythias 125,000 Strong To Visit Wonderland Next Week



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

Park Pageants

Salem Cadet Band

Free Circus and Exciting Ballyhos

How to Reach Wonderland

Electric Cars from Scollay Square, Fare 5c.

From Rowe's Wharf by Ferry and Train. Connects with Elevated Railroad, Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn R. R. Station is at Rowe's Wharf on Atlantic Avenue. Fare 5c.

By Tunnel under the Harbor. From Subway Stations through East Boston Tunnel to Orient Heights, thence by Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn R. R. to Wonderland. Fare 11c.

ORDER YOUR SUNDAY AMERICAN NOW

Free Admission To The Park And To The House That Jack Built

Boston American Daily Home Magazine

A WOMAN AND HER CONSCIENCE

A Study of the Dual Code of Morals for Men and Women

BY DOROTHY DIX

Dorothy Dix

LAST week a woman in Newark killed herself and her seven-days-old twins because of remorse. She had sinned against her husband and home and she suffered up a triple sacrifice of herself and her babies in expiation of her wrongdoing.

No one had suspected her of being unfaithful to her marriage vows. She was perfectly safe in the trust of her husband, who welcomed the children as his own; but conscience tortured the guilty woman until it drove her insane.

She had come to believe, with brooding over the subject, that God would not some soul upon her unborn babe to proclaim her sin to the world, and her first question to the nurse after the twins were born was to know if they were marked in any way. When informed that they were normal, she asked if they would live, and when told that they were black tears and wept that they men and the flesh is weak, and they are should live. Surely one can imagine no sadder spectacle than that—a mother bringing beauty for babies would not die.

Eleven days later she drowned the helpless innocents in a tub of water, and then slew herself, leaving a piteous letter in which she told how she had committed this dual deed because of remorse that would not let her rest day or night.

Perhaps there was never a more vivid illustration presented of the effects of the dual code of morals for men and women than is given by this tragedy. The wife, who had secretly been disloyal to her husband, was so crushed by the knowledge of her transgression that she took her own life, but no one ever heard of a man taking his life under similar circumstances.

Man's Conscience Hurts Him Not

On the contrary, he takes a drink to celebrate what an irresistible charmer he is among women, and only hopes his wife won't find it out for fear of the scene she will make.

He isn't crushed to the earth by any overpowering sense of shame for what he's doing; and to-day if all the husbands who are unfaithful to their wives should commit suicide, as this unfortunate woman did, there wouldn't be enough undertakers to hold them or men enough left alive to bury them.

Still it is a sorrowful fact that if the still, small voice of conscience ever troubles the average man for his infidelities to his wife, it does so in such a slight degree that by hearsay. He does to women what women are bodiless and can not understand.

Occasionally there is a wife who has been through God only knows what disillusionment in her own married life, who has seen her own romantic ideals of marriage and become nothing but social drudgery, starved emotionally, overworked by even a part of the load one would give a faithful horse, who is starving for a little tenderness, a little appreciation, a few compliments, a little gallantry —anything to make her feel that she is more than a cook, a housekeeper and a nurse, who snatches a bite of the forbidden fruit and has memories of Eden, even as our first mother was.

But those instances are so rare—so very, very rare! You can count upon the fingers of one hand—yes, and have fingers to spare—the number of all of the women you personally know who have "gone wrong," as we phrase it, while it takes the whole city directory to hold the names of the women who have kept good and true under temptations that outlife every one of them to pin on their breasts the Iron Cross of the Legion of Honor.

We see in the papers, now and again, about some stenographer who has sloped with her married employer, or some saleslady who has suddenly set up a tainted business and gone to live in a gorgeous uptown apartment; but these are only a few out of a great multitude that walk the hard path of duty and honor, while the whole city directory to hold the names of the women who have kept good and true under temptations that outlife every one of them to pin on their breasts the Iron Cross of the Legion of Honor.

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Temptations Women Endure

There are plenty of wives whose lives are one weary, arid desert of disappointment, wherein not one flower of affection blooms, or one green hope or illusion is left unblighted. Their husbands never pay them any attention, never say a kind thing to them, never try to give them any pleasure, never show the slightest appreciation for anything that is done for them.

Such women live a life that is dull and dreary beyond description. They toil day after day, cooking and sewing and patching and saving for men who grumble when dinner is bad, and gobble like a pig without saying a word when it is good; who are ever ready to find fault, but who never praise, who go off of an evening to their clubs or the saloon, or sit behind newspapers in petrified silence until bed-time, leaving their wives to amuse themselves as best they may.

What a temptation to these women to go out and find the things away from home that they do not find at home!

What a temptation to throw away the dry husk of duty and take the cakes and ale that other men offer, the flattery, the delicate attentions, the little treats, the love making, the understanding!

For let no husband deceive himself by thinking that his wife cannot attract other men. She can; and there is probably no married woman who has not at some time had speech with the serpent.

Women Earn Full Absolution

But in spite of the hardness and dreariness of their lives, there is rarely a married woman who is not faithful to the vows she made at the altar.

In spite of indifference, and neglect, and often disloyalty on the man's part, she is still true to her own high sense of honor; and when she does fall, as she does sometimes, she is crucified on the cross of shame that she made with her own hands.

She dies of her own self-shame, and she suffers ten million deaths in having herself a traitor to her sex, faithless to its most sacred trust.

For it is women who have kept alive the ideal of virtue in the world.

It is women who have preserved the purity of the race.

It is women who have died of heart hunger, of loneliness, of despair, defending the home.

For all of their weaknesses, and they are many, surely women win absolution by this alone.

DOROTHY DIX.

Did Faithless Husband Ever Show Remorse Like This?

Driven by torments of conscience, this wife ended her life and the lives of her twin babies, rather than carry the burden of her guilty secret—her unsuspected infidelity to her marriage vows.

It Was a "Good Thing"

And They Are All of Them Good—For Somebody

By KENNETT HARRIS

TALLANT was in Greely's den one evening, smoking and talking of one thing and another, when he suddenly exclaimed, "By Jehosh! I'd nearly forgotten!" and pulled a big manila envelope from his pocket and tossed it over to his friend. "Look that over and tell me what you think," he said.

Greely fumbled in his pocket for his

Never a Bad Thing For the Promoter.

eyeglasses, adjusted them and pulled some papers out of the envelope. As he glanced through them he smiled and yawned. Then he laid them down.

"What did you want me to look at it for?" he asked.

"Because I had confidence in your judgment," replied Tallant. "I knew that you were posted on such things and I wanted to ask your advice. But if you don't want to take the trouble you need not."

"I am enough to satisfy me," said Greely. "If you want to know what I think of it, it's my opinion that it's a good thing."

The frown on Tallant's brow disappeared instantly. "That's what I thought myself," he said, enthusiastically. "I thought it all over and I came to the same conclusion."

A Good Thing—for Promoters

"A good thing for the promoters," said Greely; "if you'll excuse me for saying it. You're a good thing, too. Why, man, it's a bare-faced swindle. Were you really considering it seriously?"

"I certainly was," said Tallant. "I don't see anything to laugh about."

"I do," said Greely, continuing to chuckle. "In the first place, you haven't read that Christmas gift prospectus through, to say nothing of the special offer," said Tallant, with some heat. "You just calm over it and then you jump at a conclusion. Let's weigh the pros and cons before I form an opinion."

"There's a good deal of 'con' in it," said Greely.

"I fail to see it," said Tallant. "Of course I haven't gone into details, but with a vein of silver-bearing ore of the width and extent they have struck and the assayer's report on it, I don't see much risk. You didn't look at the report."

"Look at the brick, my friend," said Greely. "Look at the pretty cover and then urge it to be sold gold. Do you know how much a chunk of gold of that size is now worth? Well, where's your chance to lose?"

"I suppose you think that's smart," said Tallant. "Ridiculous isn't quite the word. It's because there are so many cocksure idiots like you who won't even take the trouble to investigate a good proposition that these people are obliged to sell their stock at a sacrifice."

"See here, Mr. Tallant," said Greely, solemnly, "I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head. You asked for advice and I gave it to you. Just because it won't be the kind of advice that you wanted you get mean and insulting. You can just go ahead and put your money into this promising investment. I hope you will and I hope they'll skin you good and plenty. It's what's coming to you. I thought you had some sense."

"Who's insulting now?" demanded Tallant, trembling with rage. "I ask you as a friend to give me your opinion and you proceed to tell me that I'm a fool."

"I didn't say that you were a fool," said Greely, whatever I might have thought. But there's no need of discussing the subject further."

"Not the least," said Tallant. "I think I'll say good evening." Whereupon he departed in high indignon.

"The sucker!" ejaculated Greely, bitterly, after Tallant had gone. "That's what a fellow gets for trying to do a man a good turn. He'll be back with an investment. Almost as good as the 'christmas Gift' by the way. I wonder if I've got that still."

He left the den and went upstairs to the attic, where, after a prolonged search through boxes and drawers, he dragged forth a dusty roll of paper secured by a decrepit rubber band.

He knocked off the worst of the dust with the heel of his shoe and spread out the roll. It consisted of ninety lithographed certificates of stock in the Christmas Gift Mining and Milling Company. One hundred of them, and of the par value of $25 each. Greely pondered upon them. Then, once more, "I'll do better than that, hanged if I don't," he said, and went to bed.

The following evening Greely met Tallant at the station, shook hands and held out his hand.

"Old man," he said, "I'm sorry I offended you last night. I'm sure I was too hasty. If you'll come around to-night I'll go into that matter with you seriously. Of course there is a chance that it may turn out—"

"Not yet," said Tallant, "need to wait a bit for some money."

Then I've got another chance for you," said Greely. "I've got a few hundred shares of Christmas Gift, one of the richest mines in New Mexico. I know of two men that mine has made rich already. I wouldn't want to give you all the commission, but I will let you have half of them if you like. It's the opportunity of a lifetime."

"Well, I'll come over and you can tell me about it," said Tallant.

"Made Two Men Rich"

Later on Tallant went to Greely and, beginning with reproaches, wound up with

effusive regret.

"It's worth only forty cents on the dollar of what I paid you for it, you blank robber," he said. "It never was worth any more and it never will be."

Greely put his hand in his vest pocket and produced a slip of blue paper, which he handed to his angry neighbor.

"Read that and then burn it," he said. "It's been waiting for you for weeks."

"Why, er—why, I'm a son of a gun!" stammered Tallant, reddening.

"Exactly," said Greely. "I had a kind of hunch that you'd be dissatisfied, so I didn't cash it. And now, my dear old friend, do you know what that Christmas Gift mine is quoted at to-day? Well, I'll tell you. A ton of it would be worth the price of a new car. I wouldn't sell if you bought it instead of Christmas Gift you'd have been a rich man before next year—and you wouldn't have your money back."

"But you said you knew two men that the Christmas Gift mine had made rich," said Tallant.

"Certainly," replied Greely. "They were the wife of a highly polished gentleman who sold the stock."

Advice to Anxious Sweethearts

By Beatrice Fairfax

NO ROOM FOR BOTH

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-six years old and am engaged to marry a young lady of twenty years the fifteenth of this month. She has been advised by her friends to dictate and tell her what she should do. Do you think I prefer for her to do as outsiders and troublemakers tell her, and do you think it proper for her to smile and flirt with other men, some of whom are married?

B. F. N.

IT is never right for an engaged girl to flirt with any man, but as for the-other side influence which you describe, are you sure that it is outside? Is it not perhaps the expression of her own desires and does not the trouble come from your trying to dictate your way to her? You must take her as she is or let her alone, and no one can decide for you which you should do, but it is a good rule to follow that if you are dissatisfied with a woman before marriage and are constantly seeing things that clash with your ideas, to let her go then. It will probably come later and it would better be early enough to escape greater consequences. A heart that is full of criticism and dissatisfaction has not room enough left for the enduring charitable love which is necessary for marital happiness.

BE CONTENTED

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-one years old and have a beautiful baby boy. I have been married nearly two years. My husband loves me and we are well-to-do, and I have everything I could wish for. I keep a servant girl who does all the housework. I play, sing, now, read, play with and take out baby for walks; but still it does not suit my style of life. To me my life seems all empty. Miss Fairfax, my husband is very good but he is an staid and settled in his way as a man of seventy-five would be. We go out very little, as he does not care about going. I go to the theatre in the evening with some ladies, he does not like to have me go. I know he is tired and wants to rest when he gets home, but don't you think if he loves me so much he should take me out a little more? I want to go to business, but my husband will not hear of it. What can I do? Please advise something that will take some of the monotony out of my life.

S. H. G.

MY dear, you ought to be contented. You have everything that woman most longs for—a good husband, a child and a luxurious home. I think you had better tell your husband the exact state of affairs, and perhaps he will manage to take you out oftener. You would be better off if you had no servant and had to do your own work. The trouble, my dear, is that you have not enough to do to keep you from thinking too much about yourself. You would make it if you had to go to business every day.

WILL DO NO GOOD

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty years of age, and a young man two years my junior, who is a friend of the family, seems to show great affection for me. He is an excellent business man and good looking, but I cannot learn to love him. He is always complaining of him when he comes into my society, as he seems to think nothing of me. My parents advise me and almost induce me to pay more attention than I do.

ANXIOUS.

IF you are ashamed of him you might just as well give up going with him, as you will never learn to love him. Tell your parents that you must judge for yourself in this matter.

A LITTLE BIT HASTY

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl seventeen years old, and have been going with a young man of twenty-one for the last six months. He has often told me how much he loves me and said he could never love another girl, until lately he has remained away for a whole week without letting me know what has kept him away. I know he is not sick, for he was seen out on the avenue. I have returned all his letters and photos, without asking any explanation, and asked him to return mine, which he has done, without offering any explanation regarding his absence. Only know now how much I care for him. Would you advise me whether to write to him, or leave him alone until he writes or calls.

ANXIOUS.

I THINK you were rather hasty in returning his letters. It is possible that he might have been able to give a satisfactory explanation, but you have made that impossible now. If he still cares for you, I think he will make some sign.

Expert Advice on Health and Beauty

BY THE PROFESSOR

LIQUID FACE POWDER

DEAR PROFESSOR:

Will you kindly give me a formula for a liquid face powder, as dry powder will not stay on my face?

CONSTANT READER.

TAKE of pure oxide of zinc, one ounce; glycerin, one dram; rosewater, four ounces; essence of rose, fifteen drops. Sift the zinc and dissolve in just enough of the rosewater to cover it. Then add the glycerin and finally the rest of the rosewater. Shake well and apply with soft sponge or piece of antiseptic gauze. Wipe the face so well before it dries to keep it from being streaked.

WANTS TO DYE SWITCH

DEAR PROFESSOR:

Please tell me of something that will darken a switch; something besides a dye. I tried tea, but it does not help any.

MILLY.

I KNOW nothing except a dye that will darken the switch. If you get a dye from a reputable druggist it will do the work. Any hairdresser ought to be able to furnish you with a reliable dye.

TO REMOVE WARTS

DEAR PROFESSOR:

Will you please advise me of something that will remove unsightly warts from the back of my hands and fingers?

H. S.

SOAK a piece of beef all night in vinegar. Cut out a piece to cover the wart and fasten on with strips of court plaster. Use a fresh piece every night for two weeks. The wart should drop off in that time. The electric needle is the most satisfactory method of removing warts, as they will not recure.

MONDAY BARGAINS IN BOSTON'S BIG STORES

For Monday's best opportunities for Boston's busy shoppers see shoppers' complete guide in to-morrow's

SUNDAY AMERICAN

Economy Cook Book Free

Indexed Blankbook Given for Every Recipe Printed

Address all recipes to the Economy Editor, Boston American, No. 80 Summer street, Boston.

CHILI SAUCE

TWENTY-FOUR ripe tomatoes, three onions, three peppers, two quarts vinegar, one cup sugar, one tablespoon of salt, spoons of salt, two of mustard, two of cinnamon, one of ginger. Chop onions and tomatoes fine and boil two hours.

SWEET PICKLE FOR SHOULDER.

One cup coarse salt, half pint of molasses or one pound brown sugar, one ounce of saltpetre. Turn scalding water on. Let it stand three days. Boil.

MISS BUCKWOLD.

No. 8 Fairfax place, Arlington.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES

ONE peck of green tomatoes, sliced; six large onions, sliced; one tea cup of salt; mix thoroughly, let stand over night. Pour off liquid in the morning and throw it away. Mix two quarts of water and one of vinegar with the tomatoes, bring to boil and throw liquor away. Take three quarts of vinegar, one pound brown sugar, three spoons each of allspice, cloves, cinnamon, ginger and mustard, boil.

MRS. M. E. GRANT.

Worcester.

STUFFED PEPPERS

BOIL large sweet peppers in salted water until tender. Cut off tops and take out seeds; fill with cold roast beef or beef hash, mixed with two crackers, one egg, salt, pepper and a little poultry dressing, chopped fine and moistened with milk. Place tops back on peppers and bake twenty minutes.

TO COOK MACKEREL

After washing mackerel place in pan with enough water to cover it, pork cut fine, salt and pepper and cover with milk. Bake in hot oven till brown and well done.

MRS. E. BOWER.

No. 432 Washington street, Winchester.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

ONE cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, mix both together; one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one teaspoon of vanilla, and beat all together and add two beaten eggs.

FROSTING

One cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of milk, small piece of butter, boil 7 minutes and when nearly done add one tablespoon of melted chocolate.

MRS. E. E. MURPHY.

No. 146 Lincoln street, Marlboro.

EGG OMELET

SEPARATE the yolks and whites of three eggs. Beat the whites very stiff. Add one-half cup milk to yokes with one teaspoon cornstarch dissolved in it and beat till thick and lemon colored. Put a large piece of butter in pan and allow it to melt. Pour the whites in the yokes and turn in pan. Allow to cook till it rises. Put in oven, cook and take out and cook a minute more. Serve on hot platter.

MRS. W. E. HOPKINS.

No. 24614 Ledyen street, Orient Heights.

Do Men Play a Fair Game?

IF men would only play fair with women half the heartbreaks in the world might be avoided.

A woman will almost always listen to reason, and she knows that love is not the growth of human will and that it cannot be controlled.

A man does not tire of a woman willingly. He tires because she ceases to interest him and he cannot force an emotion that he does not feel. But when a man makes a cruel mistake is in leaving her to eat her heart out in blind and prideful agony.

It would be a thousand times better were he to come to her and say: "I do not care as I did. I cannot help it, and I am sorry; but let us talk it over and at least part as friends."

The woman's heart will ache, of course, because that is the way it is made. Well, such hearts were made for.

We women are built for love and for sorrow and for right and for wrong and for joy; and we pay with what we have.

And when one tired woman drops out of the race another, younger and fresher, takes her place, and the endless tragedy goes on.

This, however, may be of some comfort to the woman who is suffering, that when your heart is broken, it is only wounded. It will heal in time, and you will live again, but it will be nothing but a scar left to remind you of one man's faithlessness.

Are Women Bad Tempered?

WHEN it comes to a question of hobbies and pursuits, are wives ever as indulgent as their husbands? A man is usually far more lenient to his mistress than he is to his. He may not be able to understand her fondness for his family's company, but he endures it with out a murmur. He may not appreciate her espousal of the suffragettes' cause, but he allows her to "gang her sin gait" without expostulation. Where her fancies and ideas it is the same. If they "please her and don't hurt him" he is content.

A woman, however, will lose no time in informing her husband that she can't endure Brown, and he really must not go fishing with him any more. Or if bicycling happens to be his innocent recreation she will never rest until she has got him to take up tennis, a form of sport which may appeal to her personally, but to which he has not sort of interest.

A man shows far more good nature in respect of his wife's liberty and leisure. Long before she had ceased grumbling at the untidiness of his particular pipe and the presence of pipes and the absence of matches in every room in the house, he has patiently and good-humouredly recognised the fact that it takes at least five hairpins and twenty-five minutes to adjust the hat of the period at the fashionable angle.

That Kind Heart of His!

"ARE you fond of fishing?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "I wouldn't care to waste ten minutes for the purpose of catching the biggest trout or bass that ever was hooked. For sincere I consider it cruel to pull fish out of the water, causing them to die, for the mere satisfaction of saying you've done it."

"Do you hunt?"

"Never. Killing things for the mere purpose of putting them out of existence is one of the most barbarous practices in which a man may indulge. At least, that is my view of the matter."

"I suppose you are fond of golf?"

"I never played the game; it has always seemed to me that a golfer who will compel a small boy to trudge around after him, leaving their wives to amuse themselves as best they may.

What a temptation to these women to go out and find the things away from home that they do not find at home!

What a temptation to throw away the dry husk of duty and take the cakes and ale that other men offer, the flattery, the delicate attentions, the little treats, the love making, the understanding!

For let no husband deceive himself by thinking that his wife cannot attract other men. She can; and there is probably no married woman who has not at some time had speech with the serpent.

Women Earn Full Absolution

But in spite of the hardness and dreariness of their lives, there is rarely a married woman who is not faithful to the vows she made at the altar.

In spite of indifference, and neglect, and often disloyalty on the man's part, she is still true to her own high sense of honor; and when she does fall, as she does sometimes, she is crucified on the cross of shame that she made with her own hands.

She dies of her own self-shame, and she suffers ten million deaths in having herself a traitor to her sex, faithless to its most sacred trust.

For it is women who have kept alive the ideal of virtue in the world.

It is women who have preserved the purity of the race.

It is women who have died of heart hunger, of loneliness, of despair, defending the home.

For all of their weaknesses, and they are many, surely women win absolution by this alone.

DOROTHY DIX.

The Manicure Lady

She Discusses the Effect of Whiskers on Elections

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"JUST see the new political party has a man in the field," said the Manicure Lady. "I think they're just fine, too."

"What does look pretty good to me," admitted the Head Barber. "Don't be too sure that Taft has a walkaway this Fall. I dreamed the other night that he was laid for a coating. I'm for the new party, anyhow—heart and soul."

"I kind of thought you would be," said the Manicure Lady. "It's a funny thing, George—the new party is the only one that had the courage to nominate two young men. I seen their pictures in the paper this morning, and I think they're just too handsome. It's about time we had some good-looking candidates."

"They ain't any young as they look in the pictures, maybe," said the Head Barber, "but they sure look charm. You didn't happen to notice any affairs clinging to their maps, did you? Not in a thousand years.

No Show for Man with Whiskers

"Look at the choices of the two old parties! Of course, Taft ain't got a beard, but he's there with a mustache, and they tell me he learned to use a safety razor while on his travels, so there ain't any sportiness about him for me. Then the man, of course, sports no old Burnsides, or Bismarcks, or whatever they call 'em chop curtains, on he's scratched off my map.

"Bryan's face is smooth, but they tell me whiskers don't grow very fast out in Nebraska, and even if a barber did keep a little tonsorial trim on the left of his running mate's map—one good peck at the brush of Mr. Kern—would queer the combination in a jiffy.

"I've been a campaign button, the other day with a picture on it, and on all the squares, kiddo, they had to make the button about as big around as a saucer before I got in all of Kern's whiskers. A look at that map would make you think I'd like a line that had picked up a hair brush instead of a comb and razor.

"There's more in this world than whiskers, George, and I'm a Manicure Lady to say it. Maybe Mister Kern has some noble traits which he'll show when the people—some dizzy of character that makes him different from other human people."

"Nix on the Sprouts," Quoth He

"Not a chance in the world," snapped the Head Barber. "Show be a man with whiskers and I'll show you a man that will never get in the White House race. In the days when whiskers was mostly worn we had Abe Lincoln, the greatest of 'em all, but nowadays you don't see the leader floating around with a mustache or a dude on their chins. Nix on the sprouts."

"Brother Wilfred thinks the new party has a great chance," observed the Manicure Lady. "Him and Pa had an awful argument last night, and Wilfred had a darn better line of it, because he is better posted. Wilfred says the old parties is getting left behind in the procession, and that they're way from home. Wilfred says he's for the new party, because it's got the right idea of the times, and that they're going to be the winning party."

"The spirit of liberty," says Wilfred, 'is winging onward toward its goal, guiding new impetus through the passing years, and in some far away and yet undreamt of hour, says Wilfred, freedom will beckon to her mountain height the standard bearer of the new organization, and bedeck their brows with garlands of laurel.'

"Garlands of laurel won't get you nothing, says Dad. 'Anybody can get garlands of laurel in a greenhouse.' 'Alas,'

His Mug Looks Like a Hair Brush

says Wilfred, 'you can't understand. You are old,' says Wilfred, 'and your brain is like a worn out phonograph.'

Always Gets the Best of It

"'Is that so?' shouts Pa. 'You are the wise guy, aren't you, contradicting the old man that has kept a roof over your head all these years, and's asking much credit, at that,' says Pa, 'for keeping a roof over your head, because it doesn't have to be a very big roof.'

"I can't even argue politics without getting personal," says Wilfred, 'we will change the subject.'

"I think myself, George, that Pa's a little bit to be throwing up Wilfred's position all the time. The poor boy can't even win an argument, because when he starts off in the lead Pa always gets something about supporting him.

"Pa's just like Carse Payton. Every time some actor tries to show him where he is wrong Carse says, 'What thanks do you owe?'

"Folks is foolish to argue politics," says Jy observed the Head Barber. "It ain't any use. Tom thinks Harry will be elected, and Dick is for the Republicans, and Harry is for the Bloomington party, and not one of 'em knows just what."

"Everybody is going to be for somebody," declared the Manicure Lady.

"That's all right," said the Head Barber. "I'm for somebody. I'm for myself, Mary and the children."

POLICE ON NEW TRAIL OF BANDIT SUSPECTS

SCOURING WOODED SECTIONS IN NORTH CAMBRIDGE NEAR FRESH POND.

While the entire police force of Cambridge is searching for one of the two missing Jamaica Plain bandits who, it is almost positive, were seen in the woods about Fresh Pond, it is now believed that one of the two has escaped them and is again in Boston or hidden nearby.

This theory is based on the appearance of a man closely resembling the description of the missing wounded bandit, which tallies with the description of one of the two men seen in the Fresh Pond woods late last night by Engineer James Whitney of the Fitchburg Division of the Boston & Maine.

To-day a report was sent to Cambridge headquarters that not long after Whitney espied the two men emerging from the woods, a man described almost identically as he described one of them, wearing his arm in a sling, as did the wounded bandit Whitney was seen going through Cambridge toward Boston on a trolley car that passed through the Back Bay section.

Continued Hunt in Woods.

The Cambridge police have begun an investigation of this man's journey, but have continued the search of the Fresh Pond woods, which is only two miles north of Harvard square.

That the two missing bandits of the trio that shot up Jamaica Plain are still in Boston or near the police of Boston and the entire Metropolitan section are convinced. Because of this conviction the Cambridge man hunt is being continued. All of the force have been ordered to watch for the suspects, and the outlying wooded sections are being thoroughly searched.

The police conviction that the bandits have not left Boston is based on all of the actions of the gang. Edmund Gutman, the slain Left, turned bandit from more than a simple outlaw tendency. He was an Anarchist and so were all his band. They were not yeggs.

Fear Other Raids.

Their attacks on Woburn and Jamaica Plain were local affairs, and the police are convinced that they will remain in the Boston section, perhaps to appear again in a raid for blood and plunder.

The man wounded in the Forest Hills police raid, when Gutman was killed, was traced by the police, who managed to get good descriptions of him along the line of his flight. He was shot in the arm, as was the man seen by Whitney and the man seen later on the car in North Cambridge.

Otherwise the wounded North Cambridge suspect answered the description of the man who successfully eluded the police at Forest Hills.

Whitney saw the two men emerging from the woods at Fresh Pond late last night. At his next stop he left his engine and telephoned the Cambridge police. A squad of officers was immediately sent to the Fresh Pond woods, and when the 1 o'clock force went on duty this morning every man was directed to join the hostile hunt. The day men were given similar instructions to-day, and the search is now on in full force.

CUT $41,000 FROM STREET LIGHTS' COST

Superintendent of Streets Emerson to-day awarded a one year contract for street lighting to the Rising Sun Street Lighting Company, which will become effective on Mayor Hibbard's approval.

The lamplighters now employed by the city, 145 in number, will be dropped from the city pay roll, where they were placed by ex-Mayor Fitzgerald. It is expected that all of them will be employed by the Rising Sun Company.

The lighting will cost $25.20 per lamp for the year. The total cost will be approximately $300,000, a decrease of $41,000 from last year's cost.

The award of the contract to the Rising Sun Company follows Superintendent Emerson's refusal to accept any of the bids offered for a five-year contract because they were too high.

TWO BOSTON PLAYHOUSES OPEN TONIGHT

Two Boston playhouses open to-night for the 1908-9 season.

Bonita and her company come to the Globe Theatre in "Wine, Woman and Song."

Joseph Santley, the young star, plays in "Lucky Jim" at the Grand Opera House.

For "Wine, Woman and Song" some new features are announced, in addition to the regular combinations of that clever show. There is a burlesque on George M. Cohan's "Yankee Prince" waltz, there are new and novel dances by the American Tony Ballet and some new impersonations of stage celebrities.

In "Lucky Jim," at the Grand Opera House, Joseph Santley has a stirring melodrama well suited to his capabilities. Santley is only nineteen years old, but has been on the stage since he was six. Young and of pleasing personality, he has already a large following.

MOB RAIDS JAIL, HANGS FOUR NEGROES TO TREE

RUSSELLVILLE, Ky., Aug. 1.—A band of fifty white men, armed and masked, forced their way into the Logan County Jail early to-day, took four negroes from among the prisoners and hanged them to a limb of the "old hanging" tree, a historic lynching ground upon the national turnpike.

Although the men were armed to the teeth and desperate in their resolve to wreak vengeance, the work was done so quietly that no one in Russellville knew until this morning that a lynching had taken place. The following were the victims:

Virgil Jones, Tom Jones, Robert Jones and Joe Reilly, all colored. These men had belonged to a lodge which indorsed a resolution ordering the murder of Farmer Cunningham near here a week ago.

Cunningham had been shot from ambush by Rufus Browder, colored, who had been discharged from the Cunningham farm. The negro was arrested, charged with the murder, but was taken to Louisville for safekeeping when rumblings of race war were heard in the vicinity.

The four negroes who were lynched had been arrested for conspiracy and were in jail pending their trials.

Two of the dead men wore their night clothing, just as they had been taken from the jail, and to the dress of one of them the following note roughly scrawled was pinned:

"Let this be a warning to you niggers to let white people alone or you will go the same way. You lodgers and better saut up."

Dangling from Tree.

The bodies were discovered dangling from the naked limbs of the old reeds at sunrise by a farmer riding along the road.

A glance was sufficient and he rode into town to notify the authorities. The bodies were cut down and it was easily seen that the work had been done expertly and without gun play. Not a shot had been fired to warn the townsfolk.

It was shortly after midnight when the mob appeared at the residence of Jailer Todd of the Logan County Jail, and demanded the keys. The jailer had been aroused from his bed and was in his night garments. At first he demurred, but the menacing appearance of the mob as they fondled their Winchesters warned him that they would not be trifled with, so he hastily assented and handed over the keys daily.

Locked Over Prisoners.

Carrying a lantern several of the men went along the line of cells, waking the inmates and peering into their faces with the lantern upraised so that no mistake might be made.

Without ceremony they got the negroes, and when they reached "old hanging tree" the men produced ropes and silently placed them around the necks of the prisoners.

SHOOTS TWO, KILLS SELF

ELGIN, Ill., Aug. 1.—J. A. Morrill, a farmer living fifteen miles from this city, and his housekeeper, Mrs. May Dalton, were shot and probably fatally wounded by John Larsen, a discharged farmhand, early to-day.

Larsen entered the house through a window and shot Morrill while he was asleep. The woman was aroused by the report and rushed to her employer's room, where she was met by a load of bird shot from the shotgun which Larsen used. The latter then killed himself.

DEATH NOTICES.

ANDERSON—In Charlestown, July 30, Ann Anderson, 90 yrs.
Services will be held at her late residence, 49 Pleasant st., Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2 p. m. Relatives and friends invited.

BURNS—In Boston Highlands, July 30, Julia M., beloved wife of Patrick J. Burns (nee Cassin).
Funeral from her late residence, 194 Hillside st., Monday, Aug. 3, at 8:30 a. m., thence to Church of Immaculate Conception at 9 a. m. Relatives and friends respectfully invited. Worcester, Mass., papers please copy.

CADY—In Medford, July 30, Mary Lydia, beloved daughter of Edwin C. and Jennie E. Cady, 22 yrs., 2 mos. 15 da.
Funeral from her parents' residence, 86 Winchester st., South Medford, Aug. 2, at 2 p. m.

CLARY—In Roxbury, July 31, William H., beloved child of William H. and Annie J. Hosmer (nee Rollins), 2 yrs., 22 mos.
Funeral from parents' residence, 46 Folsom st., Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2 p. m. Relatives and friends kindly invited.

HOLBROOK—In this city, July 30, by accident, Elmer F., dearly beloved husband of Ella F. and Martha (Cassell) Holbrook, 14 yrs. 7 mos. 21 da.
Services at his parents' residence, 2 Codman pl., Roxbury, Sunday, at 2 o'clock.

HURLEY—At Carney Hospital, July 30, Mary E., widow of John Hurley of 20 Hillsboro st., Dorchester.
Funeral from the home of her mother, Hannah Sullivan, 6 Rockland st., Roxbury, Saturday, Aug. 1, at 1:30 p. m. Relatives and friends invited.

KELIHER—At Hull, Mass., July 31, 1908, Esther L., wife of Thomas J. Keliher.
Funeral notice later.

McCARTHY—In this city, July 31, John, beloved son of John and Hannah McCarthy (nee Donovan), 20 mos.
Funeral from his parents' residence, 24 Seneca st., Dorchester, Saturday, Aug. 1, at 2 p. m. Relatives and friends invited to attend.

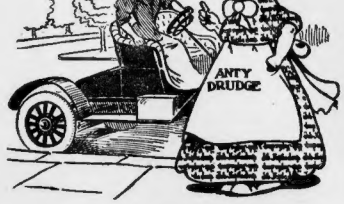
PARADY—In Cambridge, July 31, Henry, beloved husband of Susan Parady (nee Condon).
Relatives and friends kindly invited to attend funeral from the residence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bridget Condon, 5 Martin pl., Monday, Aug. 3, at 8 a. m., thence to Requiem high mass at St. Mary's Church at 9 o'clock. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, Malden.

SCHAFF—In Roxbury, July 30, Dorothea A., beloved wife of Frederick Schaff.
Funeral from her late residence, 139 Thornton st., Sunday, Aug. 2, at 1 p. m. Services at the Holy Trinity Church at 2 p. m. Burial at 4 o'clock. Requiem high mass Monday, Aug. 3, at 9 o'clock at the Church of the Holy Cross. Friends are kindly invited. Please omit flowers.

SMITH—In Somerville, July 30, Abbie E. M., widow of Walter W. Smith, 72 yrs.
Funeral from the residence of her son, 86 Hudson st., Somerville, Aug. 1, at 2 p. m. Burial at Fitchburg, Mass. Fitchburg Sentinel please copy.

SIMMITT—July 30, Thomas W. Simmitt, aged 72 yrs.
Funeral notice later.

QUIRLEY—In Jamaica Plain, July 30, Andrew J. Quigley.
Funeral from his late residence, 313 Boylston st., Sunday, Aug. 2, at 1:30 p. m. Services at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes at 2 p. m. Relatives and friends invited to attend.



Anty Drudge Invited to Take an Automobile Ride.

Miss Spic-a-span (joyfully)—"Hello, Anty Drudge! Come take a ride with me!"

Anty Drudge—"My! An automobile! How extravagant."

Miss Spic-a-span—"No. I earned this with my painting. And I do all my own housework. This is washday, but I was through by 12 o'clock. This Fels-Naptha you told me of is like sunshine on a rainy day. Why, the hanging out is the hardest part of my washing."

If time is money, Fels-Naptha will save you money and lots of it every washday.

Perhaps you don't consider your time is worth money. But your coal is, and your clothes are, and you certainly value your health.

Fels-Naptha saves your coal or other fuel because it cleanses your clothes in cool or lukewarm water, with no need for a hot fire to heat water or boil your clothes, either in summer or winter.

It saves your clothes because there is no boiling to weaken their fibre and no hard rubbing to wear holes in them.

It saves your health because it takes all the back-breaking work out of washday and removes the danger of catching cold from overheated room or steaming suds.

Aren't these things worth saving?

If you think so, get Fels-Naptha and use it according to directions on the red and green wrapper.

HELD AS VAGRANT, SHE REFUSES JAIL FARE

WORCESTER, Aug. 1.—Miss Josephine Derey, seventeen, who with her mother has been struggling missing for two weeks, is being held in jail here to await a hearing in the juvenile court to-morrow for being a vagrant. She refuses to eat prison fare, and her mother brings her food thrice daily.

STEAMERS OVERDUE.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Aug. 1.—Battered by storms, the Ocean Steamship Company's steamer, City of Atlanta, from New York; Merchants' & Miners' Company's Merrimac from Philadelphia and the Clyde-Mallory Baltimore reached Savannah this morning, eighteen hours overdue. The passengers were all ill and report a most trying day.

AMUSEMENTS.

Wonderland

ANNETTE KELLERMANN
Mistress of the Moving Waters Afternoon and Evening Every Day
Miss Kellermann will not be seen on the vaudeville stage as her exhibition requires and is done in a cement tank 25x15x6, filled with artesian water from Wonderland's own well system. Miss Kellermann will be at Wonderland until the end of the season.
SUNDAY, SEPT. 20
Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!
—AT—
Wonderland Wonderland

PAWNEE BILL
And His Company of Cowboys, Cossacks and Indians Are Entertaining Thousands
You never saw a show so good as this for the price.
Include it in your next trip to Wonderland. Remember
TUESDAY, AUG. 4
—IS—
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS DAY AT WONDERLAND
Many thousands Knights and their families will be there, and many thousands more will come all next week to
Wonderland Wonderland

TONIGHT
And For Two Weeks to Follow
THE REAL FUN SHOW
WINE BONITA And 50 Others
WOMAN AND SONG
With All the Old Famous Features and Many New Ones
Same Great Cast to Choicest Pony Ballet, Thicse's Harmonists End of the World. Three Weeks.
Mats 25c Mon. and Wed. Sat. 50c
GLOBE
Evenings 25-35-50 75-$1.00

PARAGON
PARK DE LUXE and
PALM GARDEN
NANTASKET BEACH
WANTED—Straight-haired dogs for eating purposes at the fashionable Filipino Village, which will open next Saturday at Paragon Park. Apply at once.

ALL STAR VAUDEVILLE
10:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m.
BOSTON THEATRE
G. F. KEITH Manager
The program also includes Katherine Nelson and Elizabeth Otto, Fred St. Onge Company, Wynn and Lewis, Charlie Farmell and Lena Mo, Five Piroscuffs, Sullivan-Pasquelena Co., Lew Greenleaf, Larue and Lorraine Exno, and The Kinetograph
Bijou Dream Patrons Transfer to the Boston Theatre

Nantasket Beach
Take Steamboats Leaving
ROWE'S WHARF
Weather Permitting
a5:30 A. M., then hourly, twenty minutes past the hour, 9:20 A. M. to 9:20 P. M. Nantasket, a5:23, a7:23, 10:40, 11:40 A. M., 12:40, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:40, 7:40, 9:40 P. M. Net, Pemberton, twenty minutes later, also on Sunday at 9:20 A. M. aWeek days only.
O. F. CUBBING, Gen. Mgr.

NATIONAL LEAGUE
COLUMBUS AVENUE
TODAY AT 3 P. M.
CHICAGO
Monday at 3:15—PITTSBURG
Seats at Cook & Dorkin's, Adams House Cabin at Young's and Parker's, Wright & Ditson

THE COOL TREMONT
TODAY AT 2:15. TONIGHT AT 8:15
The Thrilling Triumph
A KNIGHT FOR A DAY
LAST 2 WEEKS
FOR THE FISHING GROUNDS
$15.00 IN GOLD PRIZES
Steamer King Philip, Captain Edward W. Dixon, leaves Commercial Wharf daily and Sunday at 10 A. M. Fare $1.00. Lines, bait and chowder from Marion aboard.

PROVIDENCE JOY LINE
$2.40 TO NEW YORK
City Hall and Rest
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
Ticket Office, 214 Washington St.

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Round trip 75c, Central Wharf, Post Office Sts. Elevated trains. Week days, 10 A. M., 2 P. M. Sundays 9:15 A. M. Also daily except Sunday leave Boston 10:15 A. M., Gloucester 2:15 P. M. Music.
E. S. MERCHANT, Mgr. S. S. U. S. S. CO.

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BEAUTIFUL ELEGANT STEAMSHIP Cape Cod
Leaving Bay Line Wharf, 400 Atlantic Ave. (half block south of Rowe's Wharf), daily (Sundays excepted) at 9 A. M. Sundays, 9:30 A. M. Returning, leaves Provincetown at 1:30 P. M. Arrives Boston 5:30 P. M. Round trip $1, stateroom $1.50; telephone 1301 Fort Hill. S. A. MOODY, Gen. Manager.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
OPENS
Tonight
AT 2 P. M.
With the Popular Young Actor
Joseph Santley
IN HIS GREATEST PLAY
Lucky Jim
4 BIG ACTS—7 SCENES
AND CONTINUES ALL NEXT WEEK

REVERE CYCLE TRACK
TONIGHT AT 8:15
30 Mile Motor Paced Race
Moran--Collins--Butler
10 Mile Open Amateur
2 Mile Amateur Handicap
2,500 SEATS AT 25 CENTS

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Fast Steamer Satellite, Capt. Sorensen, will leave north end of Central wharf daily and Sunday, at 10 a. m. Lines, bait and all other free. Fare $1. Fine accommodation for ladies and children.

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NORUMBEGA PARK
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Afternoon 2:30. Evenings 8:00.
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Fine scenery, no dust, no dirt. Tickets and information at Passenger Depot, Old Colony St. Ry. Co., 599 Washington St., Boston. Phone 6530 Main or Walker-Brislin, Inc., Fort St.

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AND MARINE
Lynn Kennel Club
DOG SHOW, JULY 31, AUG. 1
STEAMERS LEAVE ROWE'S WHARF, 408 Atlantic Ave., 9:30, 11 A. M., 12:30, 2:30, 3:30, 5:10, 6:15, 8:00 P. M. FARE 25c.

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Moving Pictures daily, 1:30 to 2, 7:30 to 8 and between 9 and 9 p. m., the great detective melodrama
"SUPERINTENDENTS"
Any seat in the house, 25c.
Next Week—"Ten Nights in a Barroom"

MAJESTIC OPENS NEXT MONDAY
SEATS SELLING
THE BEST MAN
A NEW FARCE COMEDY
With JAMESON LEE FINNEY

MR. BRAD MITCHELL
MISS JOSEPHINE SANBORN
MR. WILLIAM GRASSER at the
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Real Estate
If you want to buy or sell your business, if you want help, if you are a situation, if you have any real estate to rent, read carefully the classified columns of the
Sunday American

Order Tomorrow's
SUNDAY AMERICAN EARLY!

Free tickets admitting to 5 great amusement resorts of New England and some of their best special attractions will be given away free with every copy of to-morrow's SUNDAY AMERICAN. There are 20 separate tickets, in all totalling $1.75 in value, all free with Boston's best Sunday newspaper, which costs only 5 cents.

Be sure and read the first chapters of the fascinating serial, the

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which will be found in to-morrow's SUNDAY AMERICAN. There are two other great serials now running in the SUNDAY AMERICAN. If you haven't begun reading them, begin to-morrow.

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Exclusive Editorial Features, a Comic Supplement that is really funny, all the news of the world at large in general and Greater Boston in particular and the Best Sporting Pages and Features will be found in

TOMORROW'S
SUNDAY AMERICAN

SPORTS COVERED FOR THE BOSTON AMERICAN BY ITS CORPS OF EXPERTS

BILL PAPKE WILL MEET TOUGH BOXER IN LEWIS

While it is true that in a comparison of records between Bill Papke and Willie Lewis all the glamor centres around the Illinois Thunderbolt, yet the fact must be taken into consideration that the Armory Club was fortunate to secure Papke at all in view of the great demand for the services of this wonderful boxer.

Western promoters from Milwaukee to the Golden Gate, are besieging him with offers to box Ketchel, Sullivan and other ring stars, and he agreed to come to this city readily because of the fact that he has always been treated fair and squarely in his past three visits to this town.

Still Papke could meet a great many men with less ability than Lewis. The latter has beaten Pat O'Keefe, the Irish boxer, in one round, while Papke could not stop him in six.

Lewis beat Stanton in Paris in three rounds, and it took Papke four rounds to do the same trick at the Armory Club.

When Lewis was beaten heretofore by Mellody the latter was in the zenith of his career. Mellody proved against Walcott that he was the real goods at bout that time.

Comparisons prove nothing. Lewis is meeting Papke because no one like Stanton, O'Keefe and others have had Willie that Papke is built to order for him. It cannot be denied that Lewis is a good fighter, and he is due to surprise some of the wiseacres.

It is a fact that this will be the last time in all probability that the Illinois Whirlwind will appear in New England. More fertile fields are beckoning him with open arms, and the lad is naturally anxious to annex all the fame possible while he is in his prime.

Papke is human. He is careless in a ring, and Walter Stanton almost pulled off a victory over him. Everyone knows that Lewis is a great deal better than Stanton, and it's dollars to doughnuts that Lewis pulls off a surprise August 13.

The club is now arranging some good preliminary bouts, and as many out-of-town members will be in the city that day to testify their good will towards Dr. Young, they will stay over to see what they have witnessed Bill Papke box after he was in the hey-day of his career.

Winner in a Bad Way for the First Two Rounds of Battle

STANLEY KETCHEL DEFEATS KELLY

This shows Stanley Ketchel in fighting attitude. He scored another victory on the coast by knocking out Hugo Kelly. In the first two rounds the winner was in a bad way.

BY W. W. NAUGHTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 1.—For two rounds Hugo Kelly gave Young Ketchel the fight of his life. For that matter, when the men went to their corners at the close of the second Kelly seemed to be in the lead. He stood toe to toe with Ketchel and pumped the hardest kind of right-handers into the champion's ribs. He had smashed Ketchel around the face with both hands and had him bleeding at the nose. He had caused Ketchel to swing wildly while he himself wasted very few punches. From the very first tap of the gong it seemed to be an even match between a couple of fierce punchers, and the crowd was constantly yelling, and when that exciting round was in progress the Ketchel men were trying to hedge.

The third round started and it was all over in 25 seconds. Ketchel, with a thin trickle of blood coming from his nose, stepped briskly forward and met Kelly two-thirds of the way across the ring. Each of them lashed out with a straight left and right at each other's face simultaneously. Kelly tried to follow with one of his fierce right hand body blows but Ketchel stepped back. Ketchel then made use of the left shift. He made a motion as if to shoot his left for the right hand, then he suddenly drew his right hand back and let go of the vicious left swing for the face. He caught Kelly squarely on the jaw and dropped him to his haunches. It was a terrible crack and one glance at Kelly told that he was done for. He lay there quivering until he was counted out and then they picked him up and carried him to his corner.

Stanley Ketchel was still middleweight champion of the world.

The preliminary between Blue Dan and George Paterson was won by Dan in the fourth round. Paterson was knocked down several times and also fell from exhaustion. He was in a bad way and the police called a halt.

Ketchel was booted when he finally put in an appearance. He entered the ring at 10:15 p. m., accompanied by Billy Rogers and Joe O'Connor. Kelly followed soon after, accompanied by Frank McDonald, Ferrell and Charley Miller.

Referee Ketchel's corner and the ring examined the bandages on each other's hands. Kelly was introduced as "the Chicago crackerjack," and Ketchel as the "middleweight champion of the world."

Joe Thomas was introduced and announced that he would meet the winner at catch weights.

ROUND ONE—Ketchel tried a right for the jaw and a left for the body. He missed and Kelly clouted. Again Ketchel tried a left for the body and there was another clinch. Ketchel tapped a left into the body and Kelly came back with a right on the jaw. They clinched and broke. Then they slugged at the ropes, each man landing cleanly. Ketchel placed a right on the jaw and Kelly came back with two hard body blows. Kelly was fighting at the body and Ketchel at the head and both were scoring. Kelly's right went for the jaw. Ketchel was short with left to the face and Kelly came back with a hard right on the jaw.

ROUND TWO—Ketchel swung with a right for the jaw and Kelly ducked. Kelly swung his right for the jaw and Ketchel ducked. They clinched while clinching. Kelly drew away from a left and a right and then rushed in to the body. They broke away from another left and Ketchel got a good one to the face. Kelly clinched again. Kelly ran in with a hard right on the mouth. They clinched. Ketchel shot by a straight fierce and missed a right swing. Kelly plunged in a straight left, bringing blood from the nose. They slugged in mid-ring, and of the two Ketchel made the more serious. Kelly sent damaging right to the body and made Ketchel's head rock with left jabs and right to the jaw. Ketchel got in two straight lefts on the jaw and a right on the heart. Ketchel put in a left uppercut to the chin as the round ended. Kelly had the better of the round.

ROUND THREE—Kelly landed straight lefts, both reaching. Ketchel tried a left, reaching Kelly on the jaw and knocking him out.

SYDNEY FOUGHT COTE WITH BROKEN ARM

BALDWIN DRAWS IN FAST BOUT WITH GRIFFIN

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 1.—Although Fred Sydney of Boston had a broken arm, he staged the limit, six rounds, in his bout with Arthur Cote.

A slight delay was occasioned before starting the bout, a disagreement on the referee occurring. Young Donahue of Boston was finally allowed to officiate. Sydney was the aggressor in the first four rounds and proved beyond a doubt that he was Cote's superior. In the fourth round Sydney landed a right-hander on Cote's jaw which staggered the Biddeford youth, but he quickly recovered and evened matters by landing several hard blows to the colored fighter's stomach.

A pretty exhibition of nerve was seen in the last two rounds, Sydney having broken the right arm in the fourth. These two rounds were Cote's. In the sixth it looked like a knockout for Cote, but the game Sydney saved Sydney. The bout was an even thing.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—The bout between Matty Baldwin and Charley Griffin of Australia ended in a draw. The battle was one of the fastest seen in this city for many months.

Baldwin drew first blood in the opening round by landing a stiff left jab on Griffin's nose, and the Australian came back with a furious rush. Each fighter showed that he was there to win by a knockout, if possible, and as both were raised to the ninety they fought at top speed all the time.

There were no knockdowns, but once, in the third round, Baldwin was observed giving a vicious left hook to the stomach, he dipped to the floor. He was up in a moment and fighting as if his life depended upon it. At the end of the bout both were tottered up, but each was fresh enough to continue for several more rounds.

In the preliminaries Tom Riley lost to Kid Ross. Young Wagner drew with Tom Maloney and Jim Smith beat Jimmy Weed.

Notes of the Diamond

Jimmie Beard is filling in well for Lowell, doing duty in the box as well as in the outfield.

Barnicle, the former Dover pitcher, who pitched for Worcester, has boomed up with Fall River well.

George Rose declares New Haven didn't refuse to let Umpire Wilkinson use the mask in Hebrew Wilkinson. He explains that the mask simply stayed on New Haven soil.

In the Connecticut League umpire Jimmy O'Rourke made a good deal of trouble for Meriden, when Manager Lee at the league meeting before his release had to do some tall talking.

Charlie Lee of Bridgeport, a hospital of hooking, is the same Connecticut league club. He was hitting the ball in good shape in the International League until that organization went out of business.

Charlie Lee says Mugsy Keenan was the same old bundle of business in the Connecticut League. When the league went up Mugsy sent his records to Springfield fans and all that he got was "Wa wills for him.

Jim O'Rourke of Bridgeport, Charlie Cheney of Meriden, James H. Fitzpatrick of Meriden, and Harry Durant of Waterbury, had signed a petition demanding the instant removal from the umpire staff of Kennedy and Hart.

If Jim O'Rourke doesn't look out he will get the credit in his old age of being an ample bluff. Jim has now agreed in a couple of early affairs in Bridgeport, that Cheney was correct that he isn't running the league any more and that the umpires don't take Hart at his word to umpire.

Manager O'Neill of Springfield received a message from Secretary Farrell of the National association yesterday anent Mugsy Keenan. Before the status of Mugsy is badly muddled, Secretary Farrell's message was to the effect that Keenan had asked Mugsy to Waterbury and that the player had gone to Springfield instead. Mr. Farrell asked for statements of fact in the case, and these have been forwarded. In the meantime Manager Little chances of getting this player back if Manager O'Neill wants to hold him.

Indianapolis has sold Shortstop Bush to the Boston Americans and Catcher Livingston to Detroit.

Pitcher Powell of the St. Louis Americans has been suspended indefinitely and will miss the game for several days.

The Philadelphia Nationals' outfielders always make swift throws to the plate after a catch, even if the base are uncovered. This is done for practice and seems a sensible move.

Notes of the Harness Horses

One of the $50,000 handicap horses, in fact two of them, have been a quarter in 31 second from a standing start.

That consolation handicap at Readville for beaten horses is likely to be a big feature of the meeting.

Wilbur Dudley is making the trip from Detroit to Lexington in the interests of the American Horse Breeder.

Ben View, the pacer Lester Dore is racing for Charles Barnes, is a mighty useful horse over the half-mile tracks.

If all goes well to see what William Bagley can do with Arthur Pacer for Bloom $50,000 would be quite fame to name.

The Leading Lady is rounding to and will be ready for the American Horse Breeder futurity the day of all Readville.

Charley Dean seems to be in a fair way to repeat Ed Geers' remarkable feat of winning both the N. E. As. and C. T. G.

Millie Sayles is at Readville with Baron May, and the handsome son of Baron Wilkes looks ready to race right now.

Trainer Ray Miner Heff, 2.01, earned his keep hauling a rural free delivery mail carrier around the country a couple of years ago.

George Norton has sent his black mare Ann Dewey, by Direct, and the grey mare Ethel to the Fair Oaks track, Lexington.

Frank Jones, the well-known starting judge, is not in the best of health and is spending the summer with his mother at Norwich, Ct.

JACK JOHNSON HAS EASY TIME WITH BRITON

LONDON, Aug. 1.—Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight champion, who claims the world's title because of Tommy Burns' refusal to meet him, stopped Ben Taylor, one of the best English heavyweights, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-round battle at Plymouth.

It was Johnson's fight from the very beginning. He said after the battle he let Taylor stay just to give the spectators a run for their money. The men fought for a $500 side bet and a percentage.

Johnson was far too clever for his hard-hitting opponent, and not once during the eight rounds did Taylor land more than a light jab on Johnson. On the other hand, Jack had his man in a bad way many times but always let up on him when he saw he was going groggy. In the eighth round, however, Johnson shot a terrific right hook to the jaw and Taylor dropped like a log.

UNHOLZ WILL CLASH WITH HYLAND TUESDAY

By TAD.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—Rudiger Unholz, the "Boring Beer," sailed up to our office yesterday afternoon with a dent in his nose and a few scratches on his cheek. He came to see Billy Gibson, manager of Joe Nolan, Hyland, and Jim Buckley of the Navarre Club.

They made the match in about fifteen minutes. The weight is to be any old thing at all. Gibson wanted Unholz to make 135 ringside, but the latter objected, as he was forced to train down to that figure the other night with Murphy, and thought making it twice in two weeks was a little too much.

They will fight six rounds next Tuesday night at the Navarre Park Pavilion. Unholz will come up from Atlantic City to-day and will begin training at once.

"How was the Murphy fight, Rudie?" asked one of the strong standing Czars.

"Well, this Murphy is a fine boy. He outboxed me, and I have no excuses. You know, I can't outbox a boxer in a fluffed round. I had him in the fourth, though, but couldn't get another one over.

"I mean he the strongest boy in the world, as the weight hurt me a lot. I weighed 181 the day of the fight, and for breakfast had the half of a steak and four slices of toast. Later I had more toast and a tiny piece of steak. I was afraid of getting too heavy, and as I gave him my word to weigh in at 175, I did so.

"Can he beat Nelson? Well, maybe in six rounds, but in forty-five there's no one in the world who will. You know I told you six months ago that Nelson wasn't all in. I told you he was tough and was better than ever. I was out in Illinois when Gans fought him, but I couldn't get a look. I knew it was all over.

"Why, Gans was so weak that he could hardly dance the night I fought him. I kept at his belly, and I knew that in three more rounds more I would have had him. He caught me one on the chin in the seventh round and I went down flat. I got up and started to swing at the referee and over the ropes. Of course, the police stopped it, but I wasn't out by any means. He's still a great man, but that Nelson is—I'll say I can't dope him at all.

"I don't see why he should go around telling people that I quit with Gans. Honestly, I fought that fellow harder than any one else for ten rounds, and he knows it. I think the reason Nelson is sore at me is because I outboxed him in Los Angeles. Well, it's a hard life, anyway, and I'll soon be through this year fighting, and that ain't so bad.

"Tommy Murphy and Johnny Oliver came up while Unholz was here and passed the joyous time about. Tommy didn't have a mark on him. He says that it's just as easy to go one or fifteen rounds as it is six, and thought he fought a masterly go the other night. He is now waiting for Leach Cross to come around. They are to fight in about two weeks, and Tommy wants to get the match fixed up so that he can go in training.

The Los Angeles sports are boosting Al Kaufman as the coming champ now. Last week, when Al knocked out Battling John in seven rounds, he made the bill of his life, and they say that no one but Jeff could have done the job any better. Al didn't make a false move, and Billy Delaney, who handles him, is willing to start him against the best in the world. The Southern Club is now looking for some lucky gent who is able to give Al an argument.

They say that politics makes strange bedfellows. It has nothing on the fighting game. A few years ago Battling Nelson and Billy Nolan hated Joe Gans and the Butts about as much as a bum hates the sound of wood. Now look at them. Gans is up at Middletown, near Harbin Springs, hunting with Billy Nolan, and Nelson is scouting around with Battling, developing the latter the best manager in the world. Can you beat it?

BIG BIKE EVENT AT BEACH OVAL TO-NIGHT

Unless the rain butts in there will be a slashing three-cornered motor-paced bike race at the Revere track to-night, when Jimmy Moran, Nat Butler and Elmer Collins meet in their thirty-mile battle.

The event had to be postponed from last Saturday night and the men were primed for to-night for any kind of a grind.

As the winner was scheduled to have a chance to meet Champion MacLean, there is more than ordinary interest to capture first place.

Collins, the Lynn boy, was anxious to show his many friends that he had at long last found the form of old, and in the two races abroad, while the distance was just right for Pinehurst Nat Butler, who likes the endurance tests.

Unless the track is made greasy and treacherous by showers before 8 o'clock the men will be started, and the winner will want to settle the argument and decide whether or not he is the best bike rider in the world.

SCHRECK WILL MEET JOHNSON

CINCINNATI, Aug. 1.—Mike Schreck of this city and Jack Johnson, the best colored heavyweight in the world, have been matched to box twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club in London on October 19.

Schreck and Johnson will fight for the world's championship, as Johnson now claims the title. Tommy Burns having refused to meet him under reasonable conditions. They will receive a purse of $5,000 and all expenses.

PIRATES' TRIPLE PLAY.

BROOKLYN, April 1.—In a game which was enlivened by sharp fielding, Pittsburg beat Brooklyn 6 to 2. The visitors made a neat triple play in the third inning and were also credited with a double play while the home team made three of latter kind, one of which was by Pattee unassisted.

CRAWFORD A SURPRISE.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Aug. 1.—At the Cycle Club scorer Tommy Gardner of Philadelphia and Tommy Crawford of Kane, Penn., engaged in a 5-mile exhibition. The contest was fast and furious and the strength and endurance of Crawford was a surprise to all.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Pittsburg	56	36	.609
Chicago	52	36	.591
New York	53	37	.589
Philadelphia	49	40	.551
Cincinnati	48	46	.511
Brooklyn	42	52	.447
Boston	37	56	.371
St. Louis	31	66	.320

RESULTS YESTERDAY.

At Boston—Chicago, 3; Boston, 1.
At Brooklyn—Pittsburg, 6; Brooklyn, 2.
At Philadelphia—Philadelphia, 3; Cincinnati, 0.
At New York—New York, 9; St. Louis, 2.

GAMES TO-DAY.

Chicago at Boston.
St. Louis at New York.
Cincinnati at Philadelphia.
Pittsburg at Brooklyn.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Detroit	57	33	.630
Cleveland	58	38	.604
Chicago	52	41	.559
Boston	47	46	.505
Philadelphia	44	46	.489
Washington	41	50	.451
St. Louis	36	57	.387
New York	32	60	.348

RESULTS YESTERDAY.

At Detroit—Boston, 9; Detroit, 8.
At Washington—Washington, 1; Chicago, 4.
At Cleveland—Cleveland, 16; New York, 3.
At St. Louis—St. Louis, 4; Philadelphia, 2.

GAMES TO-DAY.

Boston at Detroit.
New York at Cleveland.
Washington at Chicago.
Philadelphia at St. Louis.

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HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Worcester	48	30	.615
Lawrence	48	30	.615
Brockton	44	33	.571
Haverhill	41	36	.550
Lowell	41	45	.477
Lynn	41	45	.477
New Bedford	37	45	.451
Fall River	30	49	.380

RESULTS YESTERDAY.

Worcester, 4; Haverhill, 2—first game.
Haverhill, 8; Worcester, 7—second game.
Lawrence, 6; New Bedford, 1.
Brockton, 7; Lowell, 2.
Fall River, 5; Lynn, 4.

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Brockton at Lowell.
New Bedford at Lawrence.
Worcester at Lynn.
Fall River at Haverhill.

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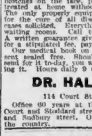

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6 DARTMOUTH ST.—Nicely fur. fr. parlor and sl. rooms; all on, delegates accommodated.

15 HUNTINGTON AV., Back Bay—Large light housekeeping, range & water, $2; sides, $1, $1.25.

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50 E. SPRINGFIELD ST.—Nice, clean, square room with 2 lake closets and water, $2 per week.

70 SHAWMUT ST.—Furnished rooms, running hot and cold water, bath, gas, tel.; $2.50 week.

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54 WALTHAM ST.—Rms furnished front square rooms, housekeeping, water; also side rooms.

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JACKET KETTLES, cast iron, heated by steam; 5 125 gals.; 1 100 gals., several 20 to 60 gals., 1 40 gal. copper. ALBEE'S, 53 Hanover.

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QUITE a few millions of invitations are sent out yearly to the public to visit our stores; such ad. is rare. ALBEE STOVE CO., 53 Hanover and 99 Blackstone.

RANGES—These are our specialty at 60 Blackstone; we have a large, sunny basement filled with new ranges, made right here in Boston, including coal, wood and gas; $25 ranges, $23; each back within two weeks if not satisfactory; all the desirable patent improvements; each range thoroughly guaranteed as represented or money refunded. ALBEE'S, 60 Blackstone.

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE **BOSTON AMERICAN** BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1908

THE BOSTON AMERICAN

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1908

AN INJUNCTION PLANK WITH A MEANING

If Rockefeller, with His Twenty-nine Million Fine, Can Have Half a Dozen Trials, Is Not an "Enjoined" Workman Entitled to at Least One Trial? The Independence Party Thinks He Is

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If the people complain of injustice, of court decisions that insult common sense, the trusts, quite pleased with easy judges, begin an industrious yelling about "contempt for the courts, upholding the courts, respecting the courts," etc.

The average voter **WANTS** to respect the courts, and for that reason he is determined to **KEEP THEM RESPECTABLE.**

The ordinary citizen intends to protect the courts, and he purposes also to have the courts **PROTECT** him; and if they don't do it, he will make them do it.

The courts are machines of justice, **OWNED BY THE PEOPLE.**

The judges are agents of justice **PAID BY THE PEOPLE,** and presumably hired by the people. Quite often in our trust owned machines and parties the judge is chosen by the trust and only **PAID** by the people. That does not suit the people, especially when the gentleman selected by the trust to sit as judge and draw the people's pay happens to be lifted out of the trust's private law office and put upon the bench with his mouth and mind still full of arguments for trusts, the kind he has been paid to think up.

Such judges as these undermine respect for the bench. It is the bad judge that hurts the prestige of the good judge, and there are no men that are more keenly alive to the abuse of judicial power on behalf of trusts, none that despise more thoroughly the trust-appointed and trust-owned judge than the many dignified and honest judges on the bench.

This question of judges is an old one. Thomas Jefferson surely had authority to speak for Americans, and he said that he considered abuse of power by judges one of the greatest dangers in our country. He said that over and over.

His fears are justified when we see a modern judge **ENJOINING A CITIZEN FROM ENJOYMENT OF RIGHTS GUARANTEED TO HIM UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.**

The Constitution of the United States guarantees to all citizens freedom of speech—yet judges have been found to order men to give up free speech in certain cases where "large interests" desired free speech suppressed.

The Constitution guarantees freedom of assembly also—the right of citizens to meet, to discuss their affairs and to persuade one another and bring about peaceable co-operation if they can.

Judges have had the temerity to forbid workmen to persuade others, and to enjoin men from assembling. Such decisions and such injunctions are a shameful abuse of power—a criminal attack on the fundamental right of the citizens—and such abuse of power needs prompt and **PEACEABLE ADJUSTMENT, FOR THE PEOPLE WILL NOT TOLERATE IT.**

The peculiarly vile thing about the abusive use of the injunction is this: **It orders a man to give up fundamental rights that cannot legally be taken from him. And when he persists in his right and refuses to substitute the opinion of some trust-owned judge for the United State Constitution, that very judge, WHO HAS DEGRADED HIS OFFICE AND OFFENDED THE LAW,** can take the workman and put him **in jail FOR CONTEMPT.**

What should a man feel but contempt for a judge that ignores the Constitution? If such a judge wanted to punish adequately for contempt he would have to jail the whole country, for he has the contempt of every man who realizes how base it is for a judge to make himself the willing tool of selfish interests. The man held in contempt by a judge is entirely at that judge's mercy, as the practice in our courts stands now. The judge's restraining order or injunction may have been shamefully unjust—the judge alone decides that.

And the workman's action in ignoring an unjust order may have been most praiseworthy. Nevertheless, the judge has power to jail the man absolutely, peremptorily. Without any right to appeal to a jury of his fellow-citizens, the man enjoined unjustly and then declared in contempt unjustly must go to jail without appeal.

Such a condition demands attention; it must be dealt with honestly, frankly and fearlessly.

The two old parties have shuffled and evaded. The Republicans do nothing, suggest nothing, and do not even pretend any interest in the grave question.

The Democratic platform **SAYS** a great deal and **PRETENDS** a great deal—but all that it says is hypocrisy.

The injunction plank in the Democratic platform is without meaning or sincerity, and that is very well known to those that control the party from top to bottom.

The Independence party's platform on the injunction question, as on other questions, is plain and sincere. It says to the judge: "You cannot be both judge and jury. You may be wiser than the man you put in jail, but you cannot destroy his right to a hearing. Before you put in jail the simplest workman for having disobeyed your offhand order, you must **CONVINCE A JURY THAT HE HAS DISOBEYED AND ALSO THAT HE OUGHT TO GO TO JAIL."**

The injunction question does not interest workmen only. It interests all citizens interested in the preservation of peace, and **IN KEEPING COURTS RESPECTABLE AND RESPECTED.**

We ask workers and all others to study the injunction plank in the platform of the Independence party and ask themselves if it does not meet the requirements of justice.

"The Independence party condemns the arbitrary use of the writ of injunction and contempt proceedings as a violation of the fundamental American right of trial by jury.

"From the foundation of our government down to 1872 the federal judiciary act prohibited the issue of any injunction without reasonable notice until after a hearing. We assert that in all actions growing out of a dispute between employers and employes concerning terms or conditions of employment no injunction should issue until after a trial upon the merits; that such trial should be had before a jury, and that in no case of alleged contempt should any person be deprived of liberty without a trial by jury."

The New Chorus Girls' Hotel

By T. E. Powers

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CLYDE PITCH IS WRITING A SWELL PLAY FOR ME
CHARLIE GAVE ME A DIAMOND RING AND A MOTOR CAR
DAVE BELASCO SAYS TO ME, SADIE, HE SAYS HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO STAR IN LEG-LONG?
FROHMAN WANTS ME TO SIGN FOR A 1000 YEAR-NEW PLAY EVERY MONTH
NUMBER 22 IS THIS YOURS?
YES THATS IT— A HAT AND CANE GOES WITH THAT
CHECK ROOM
FRONT!
EVERY LITTLE BIT!
BELL GIRL
CHORUS GIRLS' HOTEL
INCASE OF FIRE
RING
1 ICE WATER
2 FOR PRESS AGENT FOR
3 PHOTOGRAPHER
GET BACK
GET BACK
GET BACK
T.E. POWERS

The Eternal Will

This is Man's Best Inheritance, No Matter Who or What His Ancestors May Have Been.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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THE type of human being who puts the greatest strain upon my effort to be tolerant of all types is the man or woman who is forever talking of the "long line of aristocratic ancestors" from which he or she sprang.

It has always seemed to me that the man who was in any way benefited by his ancestry need not talk of it to prove the fact. It should be self-evident.

If it is not self-evident, then he should be ashamed that he is casting no lustre on his forebears, and remain silent regarding them.

It is rather a bold statement for any one to make, this statement of a "long line of illustrious ancestors." Who knows the whole line?

Your grandfathers and grandmothers each had grandfathers and grandmothers. If you go back about four generations you will find such a crowd of blood relatives that you will lose all your identity, and your brain powers will be taxed to their utmost as you try to disentangle yourself from the web they wove about you and to decide "who's who."

There are few of us who cannot boast some one or two worth-while ancestors if we care to climb the genealogical tree; but once on the limbs of that tree, I doubt if there is one of us who would not spy some scapegraces along the line who also send blood down into our veins.

Why Ignore Ancestor?

One of my own race took it upon herself to seek for glory in the tombs of our ancestors. She discovered "William the Great" somewhere in the dim archives of a long dead era as a "blood relative." But what about the probably worthless or worse than worthless descendants of that estimable man who were at a later time our blood relatives also? And why should we exploit our relationship to one man and be silent regarding the tie to another?

I know a man who is as cold-hearted as an oyster toward any one who works for a living. Between the idle, vulgar weaklings of "good family" and the industrious, ambitious and refined toiler he draws the word "impossible."

He says he came from a long row of aristocratic ancestors, and cannot help his feelings on this subject.

One is sorry for this man, as he is a victim of arrested mentality and needs the aid of an Elmer Gantes to build his brain cells into normal state.

Source All-Important

Traced far enough back, every man can find a primitive savage for an ancestor. Traced still farther every one can find *the great creative power we call God for his first ancestor.*

Between that Power and me I care little to know who passed my spirit along. I want to keep that one consciousness and all it means to me.

I know I have had many bodies and lived on many planes of existence since I was first Thought and Breathed into Life by the Source of All Life. I have had many parents and many relatives, and I am mentally and physically a medley of all of them—not only those who have dwelt upon this earth, but those who have dwelt in other worlds.

I am as composite as the rocks, the ore, the clay which have been formed by millions of years of changing nature processes.

The Best Heritage

But beyond, and under, and over, and through all that, I am a divine and eternal spirit, with all the powers, and privileges, and opportunities which pertain to the indestructible and omnipotent things of creation.

I am, as an immortal soul, the highest expression of creation. No ancestors can limit my possibilities, if I keep ever in mind my royal inheritance of the Eternal Will, and do not limit myself to the thoughts of some mere man or woman, who possessed a little "brief authority," a little passing glory.

I do not want to live up to the name of any dead man or woman.

I want to live up to *my best self.*

I want to keep my body well and full of vitality and radiant energy.

I want to keep my mind alert, and its windows open to every ray of light from every source; and I want to keep my spirit in harmony with all created things and with all created worlds, however invisible they may be to mortal eyes.

To do all this I must not feel for one hour that I am separated from my kind by an impassable barrier of lineage.

Value of Sympathy

I must know that just as all creatures below me are struggling up through lower planes to higher ones, so I have struggled, and am therefore only a little way in advance of the lowest; and that, instead of thinking myself superior or better because of ancient lineage, I am only fortunate to have covered more of the long journey, and that to me greater responsibility belongs.

My "long line of lineage" back to the Source behooves me to show sympathy, understanding, patience, love, helpfulness.

Not to bear the burdens of others, but to encourage them to bear their own, until they can cast them off, the task accomplished.

Whatever "good blood" I may have inherited from mortal ancestors will count little for my ultimate place in the universe unless I rightly use my divine inheritance; and whatever "bad blood" I may inherit will be made harmless by the most ancient and noblest of all heritages—the Eternal Will.

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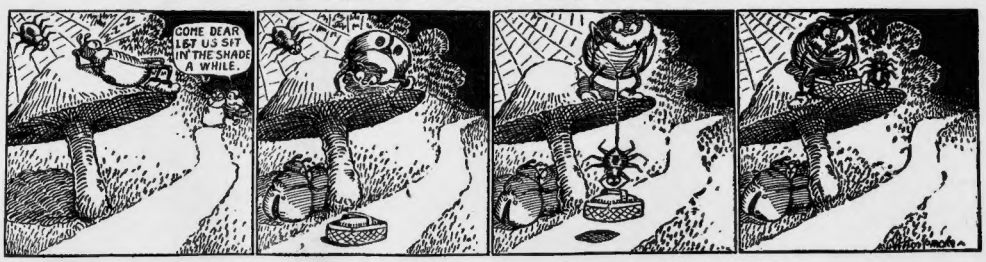
IT HAPPENED IN BUGTOWN



THE HALL-ROOM BOYS

Their Evening's Entertainment Set Them Back Five Cents Each

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SAY PERC, WHAT'S THE USE OF HANGING AROUND THIS DUMP. LET'S GO OUT SOME-WHERE.
THE BANK IS PRETTY LOW. WE MIGHT TAKE IN ONE OF THOSE 5¢ BIOGRAPH SHOWS.
1
AH MISS MILLIONBUCKS-YES, WE WERE JUST GOING OVER TO THE ROOF GARDEN. THE ASTORBILTS HAVE TAKEN A BOX, AND THEY WERE KIND ENOUGH TO INCLUDE US IN THEIR PARTY.
DONE TO DEATH.
OVER THIS PERCENTAGE DON'T MISS IT
2
GEE FERD- THEY'VE GOT A FINE PROGRAM ON THIS WEEK.
GREAT! EVERY FEATURE IS NEW. WE'LL SIT OUT TWO PERFORMANCES ANYHOW.
TILLIE, THE TELEPHONE GIRL'S REVENGE
FINIS. OFF.
3
THE SAD FATE OF WILLFUL GENEVIEVE OF THE HACKENSACK MILLS NEXT WEEK.
GEE! I BET THAT'LL BE GREAT.
WE MUST TAKE IT IN NEXT WEEK SURE.
4
OH MR. G. WHATAWAD, JUST FOR FUN, WON'T YOU TAKE US IN TO THE SHOW. IT MUST BE INTERESTING.
NEXT PERFORMANCE JUST ABOUT TO COMENCE. STEP RIGHT IN.
DONE TO DEATH
OVER THIS PERCENTAGE DON'T MISS IT
5
TICKETS PLEASE.
WHY IT'S PERCY AND FERDIE. HOW IS IT THAT YOU ARE NOT WITH THE ASTORBILT PARTY AT THE ROOF GARDEN.
6